Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

1005/5
2

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JULY, 1922

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

BY RT. HON. SIR GEORGE E. FOSTER

WITHOUT delving into history or recalling ancient fiscal controversies between Canada and the United States, certain broad facts present themselves at once to the student of their trade relations present and possible. Between them stretches a long border line through nearly four thousand miles of coterminous territory whose nearby products are section for section quite similar.

Our Eastern provinces raise and market much the same products of the fisheries, forest and field as do the States from Maine to Michigan, with a surplus that varies with the seasons, but is on the average large.

Our Western Prairie provinces produce in the main the same commodities as do the States from Michigan to Washington, grains, live stock and hardy fruits, while British Columbia in addition pursues a large and varied increasing culture of fruits of the kinds grown in Washington State. This lays a foundation for a seasonal and geographical interchange between the two countries of growing dimensions. Further south the United States produces semi-tropical commodities, impossible of growth in Canada, which naturally seek the Canadian market in competition with other countries of like production.

As the population of both countries increases so will the productive capacity and the mutual requirements of consumption.

In the matter of coal the Dominion at present draws largely on United States resources for both anthracite and bituminous.

Copyright, 1922, by North American Review Corporation. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The imports of coal into Canada from the United States last year amounted to $112,000,000 in value, offset by an export thereto of the value of $6,600,000, leaving a balance of $105,400,000 against Canada.

But the tendency is towards diminution of coal imports. The water powers of the Dominion are being developed and are almost unlimited potentially. Under Government and private control systems the distribution of electrical energy is being rapidly extended and applied to manufacturing industries hitherto dependent upon coal. This tendency is equally noticeable as regards railway transport and future expansion in this direction will be extensive and fairly rapid. A Governmental experiment in briquetting the inferior grades of lignite in the West will, it is believed, result in making the Western provinces independent of the United States anthracite supply. Further development of the coal areas of Nova Scotia and British Columbia taken in connection with the above considerations opens up the possibility in the future of a complete or nearly complete domestic supply for the necessities of home, farm, factory, and land transport.

In fisheries Canada is easily self-supporting. Her Atlantic seaboard, her immense lakes, bays and rivers, insure her independence.

In forestry products both countries are still comparatively rich, though extravagant and wasteful methods plus fires have sadly depleted the almost boundless stores with which nature had blessed us. But the one hundred and ten million population of the United States with its yearly accretions make a tremendous call for wood and its products in various forms, notably for pulp and paper, which draws heavily upon home and Canadian sources, and the United States, therefore, is interested in procuring supplies from Canada as easily, as cheaply and for as long a time as possible. In 1921 the United States purchased from Canada wood and wood products and paper to the value of $216,000,000.

When it comes to industrial activities Canada has obtained and does yet obtain from the United States vast quantities of raw material and partly and wholly manufactured products. For cotton she must go almost entirely to the Southern States. For wools and hides she relies in part on United States markets, as also for other materials necessary to the processes of completing industrial production.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But two things are to be considered. Cotton may before many years be very extensively raised outside the Southern States; wool and hides are produced largely in Africa and Australia, in South American States and in Canada itself. And all the while the increasing millions of the United States make greater demands on its home resources. The raw material market is as wide as the world and constantly changes. Again, the industrial development of Canada has made great progress in the last two decades. A tremendous stimulus as to variety, quantity and quality of production was imparted by the calls of the war, and the consciousness of power and the acquirement of skill and accuracy in work and nicety in finish gained thereby will greatly inure to persistence and extension along industrial lines.

Taking the statistics as a guide we find that while the output of the industries in Canada in 1881 was in round figures three hundred and ten million dollars, in 1921 it was three billion, eight hundred million dollars, and in excess of the total output of agriculture, forestry, fisheries and minerals combined by about one billion dollars. So that one would miss an essential fact if he conceived the idea that Canada was a country of activities centred wholly or chiefly in the exploitation of her great natural resources. She is the latter, decidedly, but she is also a country of great industrial development and capacity.

Consider also the status of Canada as a customer of the United States. Turning to statistics again they warrant a statement which will probably surprise many a reader in the United States.

U. S. Exports to and Imports from Canada

	1913		*1920*	
	Exports	*Imports*	*Exports*	*Imports*
	$	$	$	$
Europe	1483 millions	865 millions	4400 millions	1225 millions
S. America	146	198	616	761
Asia	126	281	776	1283
Africa	29	24	165	150
France	150	139	662	166
Canada	388	142	933	612
U. K.	537	229	1652	436

Take the year 1913, before war disturbances had changed the normal courses of trade, and 1920, when they began to approach the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

normal, and the foregoing table shows the situation. These figures are taken from United States returns.

In the normal peace year 1913 Canada stood next in total trade to the United Kingdom, and as a purchaser of United States products exceeded the whole of South America, Asia and Africa combined, by eighty-seven millions of dollars, and France by two hundred thirty-eight millions. In that year she took nearly one-sixth of the total exports of the United States.

In 1920, with all the changed conditions of the war, Canada still remains next to the United Kingdom in total trade, and as a customer of the United States overtops all of South America and Africa by one hundred fifty-two millions, France by two hundred seventy millions, and absorbs nearly one-eighth of the total exports of the United States.

We thus get an interesting, if not a surprising view, of the extent of the transactions between the two countries, absolutely as well as comparatively. Canada appears as the second best world customer of the United States with the balance in trade vastly in favor of the latter. During the ten years ending 1921, Canada paid in cash or kind $5,522,000,000 to the producers of the United States, distributed to the furthest limits, east, west, south and north, or at the rate of $70 a head of her population. In that period the consumers of the United States paid the producers of Canada $2,905,000,000, at the rate of $3 a head of her population. This left a balance in favor of the United States of $2,617,000,000.

In 1878 the Canadian electorate after a prolonged and lively contest decided by a sweeping majority to adopt a protective policy and to apply the Customs duties in such a manner as would encourage the development of Canadian industries and maintain them against undue competition from abroad. The protection was never abnormally high, and has in the passing years and with the growth of our industries been gradually and materially lowered. In 1886 the *ad valorem* on dutiable imports was 22.8 per cent, in 1896 26.7 per cent, in 1906 27 per cent, in 1911 25.9 per cent, and in 1921 20.3 per cent.

But the significant fact is that whatever the Liberal party, which in 1878 opposed protection, may have advocated when in Opposition, no Government since 1878 has ventured to abolish protective duties

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or abandon the principle and practice adopted in 1878. Nor do I think the present Liberal Government elected in December last will change it in any essential particular. For both national and economic reasons Canadians in a decided majority have hitherto held to the above policy and I believe will continue to do so. In every general election since 1878 this view has prevailed, and in no election more decisively than that of 1911, when the electorate was tested over the proposed partial reciprocity pact between the United States and Canada then submitted for its decision.

Another fact must be considered:

Canada has incorporated in her fiscal system the principle that within the Empire of which she forms a part preferential treatment is accorded to the other members of the Empire. Beginning in 1898 when a preference without return was granted to Great Britain and the West Indies on their imported products, the scope has been gradually widened until at present Canada gives a preference to the extent of from 25 to 50 per cent of the duty to all portions of the British Empire except Australia and Newfoundland, and receives preferential return treatment in Great Britain, South Africa, India, New Zealand, and the West Indies, in which category Australia will in all probability soon be included.

So that in coming to closer grips with the question of possible trade relations between the United States and Canada, we must accept as a basis the facts above mentioned.

These summarized are that, geographically and climatically, both countries along a wide range of contiguous territory produce similar commodities and generally in surplus quantities; that each country has the easiest and quickest recourse to very important sources of supply in the other; that both countries base their tariffs on the principle of protection and the practice of preferential treatment within the family; that both have strong aspirations towards national growth and development and thus combine national and economic considerations in the determination of their fiscal policy, and that, while freely acknowledging these fundamentals and being guided thereby, both peoples have the most cordial feelings of good will and friendship towards each other and a desire to do the largest amount of trade with each other possible under conditions as detailed above.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What then is possible?

First, that despite all tariffs there will be a large exchange of products between the two countries arising out of contiguity of territory along an international frontier of such great length. Short transport, sectional and seasonal conditions, comparative excellence of product, et cetera, will largely determine questions of purchase and sale, and increase of population and production will augment these exchanges. We may look, therefore, for a steady average increase in trade in this respect.

In the second place, we should be able to rely upon good business sense and experience in both countries to apply the balance wheel on behalf of the general interest as opposed to the considerations of party exigency and the teachings of doctrinaires, in moderating the demands for unreasonable tariffs for particular interests, and thus consistently with reasonable protection make a greater exchange of products possible.

Wise statesmen will always weigh the reflex effect of tariffs upon outside countries. If a tariff excludes staple products, natural or industrial, from reasonable entrance into the markets, it diminishes the capacity of the country thereby affected to continue purchases in these markets and thus tends to limit rather than extend trade.

Perhaps no better example could be given than the one close at hand. Figures given above show the extent of purchases made by Canada from the United States under the handicap of an adverse exchange running as high as 15 or 20 per cent. Still so long as Canada had reasonable access to the United States for her agricultural products she went on and met the balance against her as best she could. Now the demand comes from the United States farmers, the pledges of the Republican party during the Presidential campaign, and the to us unwelcome partial answer embodied in the Fordney Emergency Bill of May 28, 1921, and the possible completion of that answer in the proposed permanent Tariff Bill. This greatly diminishes and in part practically prohibits entrance into the United States market of Canadian products formerly exported to the value of $170,000,000. The exports of Canada to the United States in Fordney Bill commodities in the four months in 1921, as compared with the four months in 1920, fell from thirty-three and a half million dollars to ten million dollars. As

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goods purchased have to be paid for and the purchaser must sell his own products before he can venture to purchase, the result was sure and unavoidable. Canada bought by so much less in the United States and the United States producers lost so much trade. Is it certain that the class supposed to profit by the Emergency Tariff gained equally or at all by increased prices on their products?

Now we do not quarrel with the policy or its application in this particular instance. We have no right to do that nor any wish. I am only pointing out an unavoidable result. Canada, denied entrance into the United States, must seek other outlets. If old water courses are obstructed by dams preventing flow in one direction, the result is to hollow out channels in other directions to relieve the pressure. And that other direction for Canada must be largely to the British market. Years ago, because of alleged menace of disease in Canadian cattle, Great Britain placed an embargo on their import for breeding purposes and since then Canadian cattle entering British ports have to be immediately slaughtered. Though the menace was proved groundless the fiction has been kept up through the opposition of British cattle raisers. Now there is a decided set towards removing the embargo, and if this is done Canada's surplus live stock will be absorbed in Great Britain, and in addition a valuable increase will be made to our shipping cargo eastward. If the embargo is retained, then Canada must turn its attention to the preparation of refrigerated meats and build up a trade in them with Great Britain. In either case the course of a great product will be diverted from the United States, and once diverted will scarcely again return. And with that diversion goes the equivalent imports by Canada which will be transferred from the United States to Great Britain or elsewhere.

It is to be noted that the Canadian tariff on the classes of agricultural products included in the Fordney Bill is considerably lower than the rates imposed by the latter, so that in no sense was the Canadian tariff provocative of the almost prohibitive rates of the Fordney Act.

Both countries should keep in mind the necessity and advantage of reasonable fiscal legislation in the general interests. Neither doctrinaire on the one hand nor class on the other should have undue

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

influence in closing up these national gateways of commerce. Sectional and seasonal differences in need and supply should not be overlooked, and vision may well be invoked in the establishment of every national policy. The doctrinaire, be he protectionist or free trader, will always magnify his panacea, the class claimant his own particular contribution to the essential well-being of the State, and party politics will stand careful scrutiny as to how far its vote-getting enthusiasms dominate its desire for the general good.

And though tariffs are made for the present, it should not be forgotten that they vitally affect the future in many ways. They hollow out channels of trade for the nation which, once set, tend to deepen and widen and render changes difficult, and when they do come more or less disastrous. But it must be remembered that they also tend to set channels of trade for the other nations affected—counter channels which debouch in other countries, and these when once set are difficult and sometimes impossible to change.

There is a general business sense that may be adversely affected and which will manifest itself in redressing its disadvantages by turning in other directions, and which once turned is with difficulty brought back to former trade connections. And there is a national sense that, answering to and reinforcing this business sense, may be widely awakened to the desirability of cultivating better relations elsewhere, of relaxing any efforts to reopen the barred channels, and possibly of following a quoted example in rearranging its own tariff on the model furnished.

And our cousins in the United States must not forget that what affects trade and sentiment with a people to their north now numbering nine millions will still more affect them when they become twenty millions and thereafter fifty millions and ultimately a hundred millions and more. Trade which assumes an importance of millions of dollars to-day may have a possibility of billions in the future, but such possibility may be imperilled by the feeling engendered by present preventive legislation.

My conclusions are that at present there are few, if any, chances for a reciprocity arrangement between the two countries, but that despite even present and possible near future United States tariffs, there will still be a large and profitable exchange of commodities. The Fordney Bill and its successor, if it issues fully clothed as now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foreshadowed, will largely diminish these exchanges, and possible consequent changes in the Canadian tariff, rendered necessary by these enactments, may tend still further to diminish the aggregate trade. There are wide possibilities in the list of articles now purchased from the United States that Canada can do without or get from other countries, and there is cause for reflection as to what might happen for instance if access by foreign countries to Canadian sources of wood and wood products were limited. What Canada loses on exchanges with United States she will recoup in added trade within the Empire and in foreign markets, other than the United States—for neither the progressive spirit of her people nor her immense resources for development will permit any diminution of her continuing expansion.

GEORGE E. FOSTER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISPOSAL OF ENEMY PROPERTY

BY JOSEPH CONRAD FEHR

NEARLY two years have passed since America's Treaty of Peace with Germany was signed pursuant to the Porter-Knox Peace Resolution, and still the Alien Property Custodian has in his possession approximately $350,000,000 worth of real and personal property, stocks and bonds, cash, etc., which formerly belonged to German and Austrian nationals. Most of this property was seized during the war, although some of it was taken over subsequent to the signing of the Armistice. And the question uppermost in the minds of statesmen and business men who are trying to remedy the economic ills of America, as well as of the former enemy nations, is predicated upon the many proposals that are offered for the disposition of this vast amount of private property.

The practice of confiscation of private enemy property, although sanctioned by the law of nations as it obtained for centuries, and in English and American jurisprudence up to the time of the War of 1812, is no longer tolerated by the enlightened thought of the world. Confiscation has long been repugnant to the theory of fair dealing and the development of international enterprise. Accordingly economists in and out of Congress are to-day trying to devise ways and means of disposing of the property in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian in a manner that will be fair and equitable to its real owners and at the same time will safeguard the interests of American nationals who have claims against Germany and German nationals in an amount that extends into hundreds of millions of dollars.

It is urged by some that America should make an unconditional return of all enemy owned property. Others insist that the United States should hold this property as a set-off against American claims, thus forcing the enemy Government to reimburse the American nationals. The most radical American claimants are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asking for an outright confiscation of this property by the American Government. And still another view is that the United States should hold this property as collateral security in the nature of a pledge, in behalf of American claims against these former enemies.

In defining the present policy of the United States Government concerning the disposition of all former enemy property, Congress will have to govern itself to a large extent by the policy adhered to by the Government in the past. Never was a nation more generous to its enemies than the United States has been upon the termination of its various wars. Those who now insist upon an unconditional surrender to former owners of all enemy property, point with considerable effect to the fact that Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the Treasury in Washington's Cabinet, assumed in behalf of the newly formed Federal Government the payment of every cent of the property, both real and personal, which had been taken from British nationals, non-resident as well as resident, by orders of confiscation of the thirteen original Colonies during the Revolutionary War.

The early treaties entered into by the United States with Great Britain, Germany and other European nations, recognized the principle that privately-owned property ought never to be confiscated in time of war. Chief Justice Marshall, as early as 1814, in laying down his famous decision in the case of *Brown v. the United States* (*8 Cranch, 110, 128*), recognizing the physical power and the practice of confiscation in the past, stated in unequivocal terms that "according to the modern usage" private property of the enemy found in national territory "ought not to be confiscated". He added further that "this usage . . . can not be disregarded by (the sovereign) without obloquy". This dictum was reiterated by Mr. Justice Wilson in *Ware v. Hylton* (*3 Dallas* [*U. S. 1796*] *198*), who stated in his opinion that "by every nation, whatever its form of government, confiscation of debts has long been considered disreputable". And debts, of course, are merely one form of property. Mr. Justice Clifford, in *Hanger v. Abbott* (*6 Wall.* [*U. S. 1867*] *532*), designated confiscation "a naked and impolitic right, condemned by the enlightened conscience and judgment of modern times". Dicta to the same

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effect can be found in other cases which have since been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Shall the United States, in view of this unimpeachable line of authorities, both upon law and upon national policy, retain the property held in trust by the Alien Property Custodian, even as a pledge to secure the payment by former enemies and enemy nationals of the many millions of dollars' worth of claims held by Americans, or is this Government under duty to return unconditionally this property to its former enemy owners?

Many Senators and Representatives would have Congress make provision to return at once all the property taken over by the Alien Property Custodian, without regard to the claims of Americans against former enemy countries and enemy nationals. However, these American claimants have now been waiting several years for the German Government to pay them approximately $300,000,000 on account of lives of relatives lost on the Lusitania as well as property seized or destroyed during the war.

It is becoming more and more evident that the United States will be denied priority on money spent since the signing of the Armistice in maintaining its army along the Rhine. German assets are under mortgage to the Allies. In view of this depressing condition in Germany, American claimants are clamoring for government protection of their rights and ask that the property controlled by the Alien Property Custodian, approximating $350,000,000, be held as collateral security, or as a pledge, to enforce the payment of these American claims by Germany and Austria, or their nationals.

Most of the American claims are for marks. The former value (March, 1917) of marks was seventeen and three-sixteenths cents a mark. The present value is half a cent a mark. Under the Treaty of Versailles, the claims of British, French and other Allied nationals have already been paid in full at former rates of exchange (August, 1914) out of seized property under the Clearing House provisions of the Treaty. The American Government has never taken advantage of the Clearing House provisions of the Versailles Treaty, and has allowed the option period of these treaty provisions to lapse until now, when it is too late for American claimants to take advantage of them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unless American claimants can take advantage of the former rate of exchange, as provided for by Section 4 of Article 10 of the Treaty of Versailles, they will suffer enormous loss; first, because unless this is done it is not clear that mark debts must be paid at former rates of exchange, and second, because of the inability of German debtors to pay and the fact that the reparation provisions of the Treaty will make it impossible for the German Government to pay.

This matter of rate of exchange is of the utmost importance. Take, for instance, the claim of an American bank having a sum of marks on deposit by a German bank at the outbreak of the war. This is a good example of the type of claim involving marks. Thus, if the German bank is permitted to pay these marks at the current rate of exchange, the American bank will be obliged to bear the burden of the tremendous depreciation which has been brought about by the war. That would be eminently unjust.

The provisions of the Treaty of Versailles bearing upon the rate of exchange to be applied in the settlement of former mark debts, are contained in Part 10, Sections 3 and 4, the rights and advantages under Part 10 being reserved to the United States and its nationals under the Porter-Knox Peace Resolution and the Treaty of August 25, 1921.

Section 3 of Part 10 is entitled "Debts", and provides, among other things, for the settlement of debts payable before the war through the intervention of Clearing Offices. By this arrangement debts were to be paid or credited in the currency of the Allied or Associated Power involved, and mark debts, therefore, paid or credited at the rate of exchange of before the war. This rate of exchange is defined as the average cable transfer rate prevailing in the Allied or Associated country involved during the month immediately preceding the outbreak of the war.

It is generally understood that all English and French banks have already been paid in full for their before-the-war deposits in marks with German banks at former rates of exchange, in accordance with the aforementioned section of the Treaty of Versailles. As far as English and French banks are concerned, the rate of exchange, of course, is that which prevailed in 1914, that is, 24 cents a mark. Under the terms of the treaty American claimants are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

entitled to only the rate of exchange which prevailed in March, 1917, that is, 17-3/16 cents a mark.

The question of the rate of exchange is only a small part of the problem that America is now called upon to solve in connection with the property held by the Alien Property Custodian. But it is just such questions and considerations which Congress will have to look into before legislating upon this subject.

Congress might well make a study of what England, France, Italy, Belgium and Canada have done in working out a solution of this difficult problem. Each of these countries has done all in its power to avoid the disreputable practice of confiscation. However, none of these countries has disposed of enemy property held by its Public Trustee or Alien Property Custodian without due regard to the rights of its own claimants against the enemy countries and their nationals. Hence, a brief summary of what each of these Allied nations has done in this connection may not be out of place.

Great Britain, with the other Allies, has reserved the right to retain and liquidate all property belonging to German nationals pursuant to Division B of Article 297 of the Treaty of Versailles, which stipulates as follows:

> Subject to any contrary stipulations which may be provided for in the Peace Treaty, the Allied and Associated Powers reserve the right to retain and liquidate all property, rights and interests belonging at the date of the coming into force of the Peace Treaty to German nationals, or companies controlled by them, within their territories, colonies, possessions and protectorates, including territories ceded to them by the Peace Treaty.

Under authority of Division E of Article 297 England proceeded to establish a Clearing House arrangement through which all claims made by England or the other Allies and their nationals passed at the expense of the German property held by the Allied Governments. The important feature of Division E is as follows:

> The claims made in this respect by such nationals (nationals of Allied Powers) shall be investigated, and the total of the compensation shall be determined by the mixed arbitral tribunal provided for. . . . This compensation shall be borne by Germany, and may be charged upon the property of German nationals within the territory or under the control of the claimant's State. . . . The payment of this compensation may be made by the Allied or Associated State, and the amount will be debited to Germany.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From 1919 to 1921 Great Britain, by authority of the sections of the Treaty of Versailles quoted above, issued peace orders to the following effect:

All property, rights and interests within His Majesty's Dominions or Protectorates belonging to German nationals at the date when the Treaty comes into force (not being property rights or interests acquired under any general license issued by or on behalf of His Majesty), and the net proceeds of their sale, liquidation or other dealings therewith, are hereby charged—

(a) in the first place, with payment of the amounts due in respect of claims by British nationals with regard to their property, rights and interests, including companies and associations in which they are interested in German territory, or debts owing to them by German nationals, and with payment of any compensation awarded by the Mixed Arbitral Tribunal, or by an arbitrator appointed by that Tribunal in pursuance of paragraph (e) of Article 297, and with payment of claims growing out of acts committed by the German Government or by German authorities since the thirty-first day of July, and before the fourth day of August, nineteen hundred and fourteen, but so nevertheless that the claims of British nationals for the proceeds of the liquidation of their property, rights and interests mentioned in Section IV of Part X of the Treaty and in the Annex thereto, and for the enemy debts owing to them referred to in Article 296 of the Treaty, shall rank in priority to any of the other claims above mentioned.

(b) secondly, with payment of the amounts due in respect of claims by British nationals with regard to their property, rights and interests in the territories of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, and in so far as those claims are not otherwise satisfied.

Provided that any particular property, rights or interests so charged may at any time be released by the Custodian acting under the general direction of the Board of Trade from the charge so created.

In this connection it may be noted that the American Government has been notified through diplomatic channels that Hungary, according to an article which appeared in the Budapest *Pesti Tozsde* of February 2, 1922, will begin the payment of before-the-war debts owed to private individuals in England and France, and that the banks are reported to have collected considerable sums in their safes for this purpose. It is reported, however, that Hungary has been granted a further period of several more weeks' grace for the payment of the first instalment.

Hungary's debt in England is estimated to amount to more than 4,500,000 pounds sterling, and out of that sum 2,000,000 pounds are said to be owed for arrear dividends on Hungary's state loans,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1,000,000 for the debt of the city of Budapest, and at least 1,250,000 by private individuals. The entire debt will be payable in instalments of 250,000 pounds sterling per annum, and the only concession made by England is that this sum may be remitted yearly in two-part payments.

The French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Office of Private Property and Interests, has issued numerous circulars, each dealing with disposition of alien property in the hands of the French Government. Circular No. 78, issued March 17, 1921, provides for the release of property belonging to Alsace-Lorrainers, who are now Frenchmen by virtue of the Treaty of Versailles. By producing a certificate of their new French nationality, stating the manner in which it was acquired, and by producing documentary evidence of their ownership of property in the hands of the French Government, etc., the French Office of Private Property and Interests will return property thus held to the original owners.

At a meeting held at London by the Directors of the Allied Clearing Offices, the following resolution was passed:

> Coupons of allied securities, regardless of their nature, maturing after January 10, 1920, shall only be paid to German nationals where they are unable to prove they acquired those securities from an allied or neutral person subsequent to that date.

France's plan to dispose of enemy property in her hands has been further detailed in numerous other circulars. France and Germany have also entered into a separate agreement providing for the payment of indemnities. In all these circulars and orders the French Government makes ample provision for the protection of private claims held by French nationals against Germany and German nationals. France was one of the first to take advantage of the Clearing House provisions of the Treaty of Versailles.

In the settlement of Hungary's before-the-war debts in France, the French agreement does not fix the payments in the precise terms contained in the English agreement. It only pledges Hungary to pay one-seventh part of her debts in the first year. According to the *Pesti Tozsde* this means that Hungary would have to pay 300,000,000 French francs in 1922. The payments will not be made individually but are to be paid into the Hungary Clearing Office, which will transmit it to the Clearing Houses in Paris.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italy's governmental policy concerning the disposition of former enemy property held by its Custodian is clearly indicated by an agreement entered into with the German Government. This agreement was contracted on June 10, 1921, and reads as follows:

The representative of the German Government on the one part and the representatives of the Clearing Offices of Belgium, France, Great Britain, Greece, Italy and Siam on the other part, duly authorized by their respective Governments have agreed on the following:

The Allied and German nationals will have until September 30, 1921, inclusive, the right to file in their national offices the claims based on Article 296 of the Treaty of Versailles.

Like England and France, Italy has governed the disposition of enemy property held by its Custodian by the issuance of orders and circulars which expressly provide ample protection for claims in the hands of Italians against Germans and Austrians. Italian operations are conducted in line with the Clearing House policy established by the Versailles Treaty.

Belgium, like the United States, has to date made no definite arrangements concerning the return of enemy property held by that Government. However, the following quotation from the New York *Volks-Zeitung*, of January 25, 1922, entitled *Liquidation of German Property in Belgium*, indicates the nature of the policy which the Belgian Government is adopting in this matter:

The Belgian Government passed a law permitting the sale of German property seized in Belgium. It will involve the sale of property valued between 600 to 900 million francs. The Belgian Government justifies this step by stating that the negotiations with Germany regarding the recall of the six billion marks that were brought into Belgium during the occupation have failed. Belgium demanded that Germany should redeem all that money on the basis of gold exchange, for which Belgium would waive the sale of the seized German property. This action of the Belgian Government put an end to the pending negotiations and it will not only harm the many Germans who were living in Belgium before the war and already were reduced to proletarians, but will also harm the German State. The Belgian Government could do no better favor to those Germans who are endeavoring to stir up hatred against "the enemies", while financially the Belgian State will not be better off than if it had continued the negotiations regarding the redemption of the six billions of German marks.

Further legislation in continuance of this policy is already under advisement.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Claims at present filed by Canadians against all the enemy nationals amount to approximately $35,000,000, and the enemy property in Canada amounts to perhaps $38,000,000. The value of the German property is very conservatively estimated. On the other hand, claims for reparations are inordinately exaggerated. These accounts, according to a memorandum transmitted by the State Department to the Attorney General from the American Consul-General at Ottawa, have not been investigated for the purpose of estimating the amount which would probably be awarded by the Reparations Committee, but from a consideration of them $10,000,000, is stated as probably the maximum amount. In a general way the Government of the Canadian Dominion is following the policy adopted by England.

The Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, and Czechoslovakia, Poland, Spain and Portugal, as well as the South American Republics, have not been heard from upon this question in a definite form. However, upon inquiry through diplomatic sources, it has been learned that these countries are following broadly the plans adopted by the larger Powers.

In order to do justice to all concerned, the best view of this problem seems to be that of holding all enemy property now in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian as security or a pledge on account of American claims against Germany and Austria and their nationals. This procedure can be harmonized with the policy of the United States Government as expounded since the days of Washington, and expressly provided for by paragraph 5 of the Treaty of Peace with Germany, signed August 25, 1921, pursuant to the Porter-Knox Resolution, which is as follows:

> All property of the Imperial German Government, . . . and all German nationals, which was on April 6, 1917, in or has since that date come into the possession of or under the control of, or has been the subject of a demand by the United States of America, . . . be retained by the United States of America and no disposition thereof made . . . until such time as the Imperial German Government . . . shall have made suitable provision for the satisfaction of all claims against said Government, or of persons, wheresoever domiciled, who owe permanent allegiance to the United States of America and who have suffered . . . loss, damage or injury, to their persons or property, etc.

The Secretary of State having definitely announced that the United States has failed to take advantage of the option period

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

provided by the Clearing House Sections of the Treaty of Versailles, the accounting between this Government and Germany will have to be between the interested private individuals, and therefore not as between State and State, which is the arrangement now governing the other Allied countries.

The coming into effect of the Peace Treaty of Versailles on January 10, 1920, imposed upon the German Alien Property Custodian the task of making his accounting and winding up his affairs. Within the period of one month, as stipulated by Article 296, Division E, of the Treaty, England with her Dominions, Colonies, and Protectorates, with the exception of the Union of South Africa and Egypt; France with her Colonies; Italy; Belgium, including the Congo State; Siam, Greece and Haiti, declared themselves in favor of the accounting from State to State or the so-called Clearing System. This accounting, as operated by these countries, is done chiefly through the agency of Clearing Offices established by the Peace Treaty, and the work of the German Custodian comes into question wherever he has appropriated or taken under his administration properties concerned in this clearing.

In all fairness to Germany, it should be stated here that the German Alien Property Custodian has done everything within his power to return American and other Allied property seized by him during the war. The report of the German Alien Property Custodian concerning the treatment of American property in Germany under his administration, published for the year 1921 (Reimar Hobbing, Publisher, Berlin), gives an elaborate account and detailed list of the properties taken under the custodian's jurisdiction. Without guaranteeing exactly the figures enumerated in every case, the German Alien Property Custodian gives the following details concerning American property which came under his control during the war:

The total value of property reported to the custodian as belonging to citizens of the United States in Germany amounted, apart from the compulsory administrations, to about 206,152,000 marks, to which are to be added deposits of securities reported by the banks, with a nominal value of about 126,000,000 marks. From the first named amount, there had been transferred to the custodian up to June 1, 1920, about 6,041,800 marks, to which is to be added the interest paid to the custodian under paragraph 7 of the custodial regulations, making a total of roundly 11,000,000 marks, which, so far as it did not represent the proceeds from compulsory administrations, was handed over to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

custodian. About 200,000,000 marks, in addition to the deposits of securities, was simply taken under administration nominally by being booked, that is, left in charge of the debtors. This sum was chiefly made up of cash claims of Americans against German debtors growing out of participation in business, cash deposits in banks, debts for merchandise, acceptances, insurance premiums, etc.

From compulsorily administered or supervised undertakings in Germany belonging to Americans or from American interests in German undertakings there was transferred to the custodian about 67,000,000 marks, to which must be added about 27,000,000 marks in securities. There was paid out by the custodian to enemy owners about 68,000,000 marks from the proceeds of compulsory administrations and supervisions, including stocks. Of the securities deposited with the banks and left in their keeping, although nominally under the administration of the custodian, 460 lots with a total nominal value of 57,519,630 marks had been released up to January 31, 1921. All together, the custodian has thus far released or delivered to American citizens, including these securities owned by Americans, property having a total value of at least 145,000,000 marks.

By holding the enemy property which still remains in the hands of the Alien Property Custodian as collateral security, or a pledge, to secure the payment by Germany and Austria and their nationals of the numerous claims in the hands of American citizens, the United States would not only safeguard the interests of its own nationals but would also thereby insure to these former enemies the ultimate return of their property retained in America. This method would enable America to solve this problem upon principles that are at once just to all concerned and at the same time will result in the gradual disposition of enemy property back to former enemy owners who are now permitted by Section 9 of the Trading With the Enemy Act to present their claims before the proper authorities for allowance.

JOSEPH CONRAD FEHR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEN AND NATIONS

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

In constructing a battleship one would hardly consult a milliner. In planning a bridge across the North River, the advice of a doctor would be of slight value. In treating cancer, the opinions of a lawyer likewise are not to be taken very much into account. Whatever the problem, whether of a bridge, a battleship, disease or human society, we ordinarily insist first of all on a thorough knowledge of materials; the nature of steel, for example, in the construction of a battleship or a bridge, and of anatomy in the case of the human body. One cannot base plans on the supposition that steel is the same thing as wood, or the human body the same as metal. Furthermore, we demand a precise knowledge of the laws governing construction, such as strain and stress, etc. In the case of the human body we are concerned with the laws relating to vital functions.

In the field of international relations, curiously enough, we find that the doctor, the lawyer, the milliner, the college president, and the "man in the street" all reveal an equal competence. All are ready with a definite explanation of the ills of international society, and all are prepared to suggest how this universe should be run. In very few cases may it be said that these *competent* authorities have an accurate, scientifically trained knowledge of the exact nature of international society, and of the laws governing the functions and the relations of nations. The preacher approaches the problem from the general principle of the brotherhood of man; the lawyer from the argument of analogy to ordinary political institutions, and the rest from various points of view, mostly of a sentimental or emotional character. Few of them, if called upon to administer the affairs of a municipality, would have the courage even to express an opinion, but most of them, in their vast ignorance of the nature and functions of international society, have slight hesitancy to enunciate their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

views. They are perfectly safe because they are in no danger of being called upon actually to run the universe.

This general ignorance of international society may be classified under three headings: the nature of the State, the interests of the State, and the laws governing and controlling these interests.

As to the nature of the State, apart from the political theorists, few persons can tell you what it is, what are its objects and how it functions. The definition of the interests of nations is so excessively difficult that it has primarily to do with the causes of war itself. If nations only could agree as to the precise interests of each and all, peace would not be difficult. But even when they have agreed upon certain of their mutual interests, the formulation of the laws to protect these interests is far from an easy task. In fact, it must be admitted that international law in this respect is still in an early stage of development. There are vast areas where no legal remedies are yet available. And then there remains the stupendous problem of the best means of safeguarding the rights of nations once their interests have been determined and the laws for their protection formulated.

I must confess to a personal impatience with the political theories of Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau and the rest. I do not deny that they served a certain valuable purpose in the early evolution of political thought. They are most ingenious, and at times stimulating, but I hold that they have very slight relations to the world of reality. I fear that they have even confused and misled many earnest political thinkers in their efforts to solve the problems of human society. It would seem as if we had now reached the stage in our political evolution when the only effective method for the study of politics is the laboratory method—the practical, hard, objective test of analysis. I believe that this method can be applied to human society and particularly to international society with the greatest success, even where we have to take into account ideas and emotions which may be considered subjective in character. In the latter instance, as in psychology, I believe it possible to submit testimony of this subjective nature to an objective analysis which, in the case of national differences and rivalries, may be of the utmost signifi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cance. We should, in an honest spirit of inquiry, shun with horror the emotional and sentimental method of considering this problem and should concentrate our investigations open-mindedly—and not unsympathetically—on the definite problem of the very nature of international society.

I know of no more fundamental problem in this connection than that of the relation of man to the State, for the reason that there is an obvious confusion of thought, a tendency to confound the State and the individual as one and the same thing. This is constantly appearing in the arguments of statesmen and publicists of high distinction. I suspect this is due in many instances to the pernicious influence of political theorists of the school of Hobbes, Locke and Rousseau. I recall an assertion by Lord Bryce in his lectures at the Institute of Politics in Williamstown last summer, to the effect that nations were still living in a "state of nature". Such a state of nature remains yet to be demonstrated as an actual fact and not as a mere political concept.

It is an amazing fact that little of an original analytical nature regarding the relation of man and the State has yet been published, allowing of course for occasional incidental allusions to the problem. Perhaps the most valuable contribution to the subject is to be found in the recent book of Professor MacDougall on the subject of *The Group Mind*. One can find here most suggestive observations as to the exact nature of international society and the functions of nations. Another book of lesser importance but still of much interest is that by Miss Follett on *The New State*. Certain of the most recent attempts to deal with this problem are of much less value for the obvious reason that the authors are endeavoring to sustain some preconceived theory as to the nature and organization of international society.

In approaching this problem of the relation of the individual to nations, we are bound to start with the classic statement of Aristotle, that "Man is by nature a political animal". It is necessary, however, to consider this assertion in the light of its original context. What Aristotle really said was: "It is evident that the State is a creation of nature and that man is by nature a political animal. The State is by nature clearly prior to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

family and the individual, since the whole is of necessity prior to the part." In other words, man is a political animal not because he has a divinely given political sense, but because he is the product of organized society. This is a profound observation which demands the most earnest study. Its truth may be ascertained by various tests.

Obviously, by approaching the problem from a biological standpoint, as does Professor Henry Jones Ford, in his most stimulating volume, *The Natural History of the State*, it is not difficult to show that the *homo sapiens* was originally a gregarious animal and that it was by this gregarious instinct that he was able to secure his higher development and, specifically, his political evolution. Here we run counter to the political theorists who would insist on some intelligent, deliberate decision on the part of man to abandon a state of nature and secure for himself the benefit of organized society. It would seem as if the argument of the biologist was of infinitely greater value than that of the political theorist.

We may, however, approach the problem from the political point of view, or rather the philosophical point of view, and seek by an analysis of the exact nature of political society to test Aristotle's assertion that man is the product and not the creator of organized society. It is a matter of common experience that a man living in the open country apart from the immediate restraints of society is quite distinct from the citizen living within an organized community. When men met in the open country in what we were formerly accustomed to call "the frontier", they met in a challenging spirit and reserved to each an enormous liberty of action which they could not claim in a city. From the higher intellectual and ethical point of view, it may be argued whether this was true liberty, but it certainly was liberty of a very primitive sort.

When a man leaves the open country and settles in an organized community, he submits himself to many restraints. He makes, for the sake of other compensating advantages, what might be termed actual sacrifices. First of all, there is the sacrifice of physical freedom. He cannot dash madly through the crowded street as he would in the open prairie. There are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fences, walls and policemen to impede his freedom of movement. He may not shout and sing as he may feel inclined to do in the open. There are others not only to be considered but to be protected against noise, disturbance and injury.

Secondly, the individual in society makes the great sacrifice of freedom of judgment. He cannot decide, even regarding his own family affairs, without running counter at times to the judgment of men about him. The first lesson he must learn in organized society is "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind". This he finds to be a basic principle of political society. Those who have served on committees, on boards of directors, on college faculties and other deliberative bodies, know this painful truth. Deliberation and discussion in groups not infrequently lead to decisions which no one individual of the immediate group concerned would be prepared to admit conformed entirely to his own personal judgment. In such discussion each makes his own contribution and oftentimes throws light on the subject for the rest. "Taking common counsel" is literally to submit a problem to the consideration and decision of all. It is viewed from every angle—of fact, of opinion, of logical deduction and of ethical consideration. The consensus of opinion—a decision attained in such a manner—generally represents the mature judgment of no one individual in the group. It is a resultant—a composite, a strange product that may not always be conformable to the ordinary tests of logic. Such is the normal process by which a nation reaches its decisions and governs its actions. Such is the sacrifice of the freedom of individual judgment which a man must make when he claims the privileges of organized society.

Thirdly, from the foregoing it is evident that the individual in society is compelled to make a sacrifice of his freedom of will. He can neither decide nor act according to the imperious demands of his own personality. He is compelled to merge his own will into the general will of the State. This often seems to exact a most painful sacrifice, but it is one that he makes as a "political animal" for the greater good of the whole.

And fourthly, it is evident that under such conditions the individual citizen is compelled to make a certain sacrifice of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conscience. He must be governed by the judgment and the will of his fellow citizens as expressed through the State. This implies obviously an abdication of his own moral conscience. He may doubt; he may seriously question; he may even fear the wisdom and the moral value of their decision and action; but unless he is a genuine revolutionist, or an extreme individualist, or an actual anarchist, he conforms his conscience to the composite conscience of all. Here we have the justification for revolutions where a citizen firmly believes that an intolerable wrong is being committed which compels him conscientiously to take up arms. Ordinarily, such revolts are due to the tyranny of a few, and are much less frequent in recent times. It is possible, naturally, that even in the best organized democracy a moral issue may arise through the tyranny of the majority where revolt is the only available recourse. This, however, is not very likely and in the ordinary course of events, no matter what personal reservations of conscience an individual citizen may make concerning the decision of the rest, he literally assents to the bold statement of patriotic duty, "My country, right or wrong." All that he means by this would appear to be that once democracy has decided, a due regard for the opinions of his fellow men compels him to submerge his own judgment, will and conscience into one national judgment, will and conscience.

These are the main influences working in organized society which would seem amply to demonstrate the truth of Aristotle's assertion that "Man is a political animal", that he is a different individual in the State from the individual in the so-called "state of nature", that, in sum, he is the product of the State and not the original builder of the State. In other words, the State is to be regarded as an organism in which man finds his own peculiar functions and his greatest opportunity for individual development. The sacrifices which he may appear to make of the freedom of his own personality are more than compensated by the opportunities for his higher intellectual and ethical evolution within the State. He serves the State because the State best serves him. But he is not to be identified with the State itself; a nation is something more than an aggregate of individuals. It is, as Vattel says, "a moral person who possesses an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

understanding and a will peculiar to itself and is susceptible of obligations and rights." When he says, however, that a State is a "moral person", we must be on our guard. From what has preceded, it is evident that a State is not an independent personality, possessing the freedom of will, judgment, action and conscience of an individual. A sentient human being, possessing what might be termed integrity of personality and character, may make rational decisions, love, hate, sacrifice, and conform, even quixotically, to what he may consider the dictates of conscience. Ethical rules and considerations necessarily should play a very considerable rôle in all his actions. They may even involve him and his family in ruin or death.

It would be palpably untrue to say that the State is a "moral person" in the same sense as the individual, even in the case of the responsible officials entrusted with the direction of the affairs of a nation. No matter what their own personal predilections may be, they are not free to carry into effect their own conceptions of duty and responsibility unless it should happen that they are irresponsible tyrants. The official decisions and actions of a nation, as we have seen, proceed from the common judgment, will and conscience of all, and this is something quite distinct from the individual will, judgment and conscience. Ethical consideration naturally cannot be ignored by the State, but it would be entirely inaccurate to say that the State reacts as a "moral person" in identically the same manner as the individual. For these reasons, I take it that what Vattel meant when he spoke of the State as a "moral person" was that a State, in order to enjoy rights and to meet its responsibilities, must be considered a "moral person" in a legal sense. He was not attributing to the State a moral personality possessing the attributes of a human being.

We are accustomed under the influence of the recent war to look with distrust on German methods of political thought. Their exaggeration, their perversion of the idea of nationality, has led us to regard the German conception of the State as something unreal and fantastic, particularly when it involved the worship of the person of the Kaiser as the supreme embodiment of the State. It is true that the Germans were inclined to wor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ship the State as a sacred entity, as much the object of a cult as the statue of Buddha. I believe, however, that there is a substantial truth in the German theory of the State as enunciated by the Swiss publicist Bluntschli, when he said:

> An oil-painting is something other than a mere aggregation of drops of oil and color; a statue is something other than a combination of marble particles; a man is not a mere quantity of cells and blood-corpuscles; and so too the nation is not a mere sum of citizens; and the State is not a mere collection of external regulations. . . . In the State, spirit and body, will and active organs, are necessarily bound together in one life. The one national spirit, which is something different from the average sum of the contemporary spirit of all citizens, is the spirit of the State; the one national will, which is different from the average will of the multitude, is the will of the State. . . . To extend the reputation and the power of the State, to further its welfare and its happiness, has universally been regarded as one of the most honorable duties of gifted men.

In properly estimating the value of this definition of the State, we must try to forget the ardent sentiment which led Germans in their patriotic zeal to exalt the State so highly. We should remember that German statesmen, such as Bismarck, were careful in their legislation to persuade these perfervid devotees of the State that it existed to further the welfare and best interests of all. This, it seems to me, is the essence of the best kind of nationalism, namely, the common realization of the fact that the highest evolution of the individual is to be found in organized society, and that a loyal devotion to one's own group is the most effective way of serving the interests of the greatest number. In this sense, therefore, I hold that in view of the vast differences of language, of sentiment, of tradition, of ideals and even of interests that characterize the many distinct national groups throughout the world, there is nothing more sacred, nothing more essential for the evolution of mankind, than the protection and the furthering of national aspirations. As in the animal kingdom, so in society, a man can only develop his best powers in the habitat and *milieu* to which he is by nature best adapted. This is merely the plea for the freedom of the individual within nations, exactly as we insist on the freedom of the individual in education, religion and other lines of activity. We must insist on the freedom of nations to work out their own problems ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cording to the genius of their own national instincts and institutions, firmly believing that only in this way can groups of individuals make their richest contributions, scientifically or ethically, to the highest evolution of the human race.

If one can conceive this function and this supreme value of the State in the evolution of man as a "political animal", he can more sympathetically as well as rationally understand what loyalty to the group, or national patriotism, really means. He can more readily appreciate the justification as well as the explanation of national differences, yes, even rivalries, provided they be laudable rivalries for the ultimate benefit of the human race. He can understand those extraordinary peculiarities of national temperament, the divergencies even in methods of thought and also of ethical standards, that variously characterize a Frenchman, a Britisher, a Dutchman, an American, a Japanese, a German, etc. He can better realize why it is that men of different nationalities feel a glow of sentiment and a willingness to submerge their own personalities into their respective nations. Under such conditions, a citizen comes to realize that not only is he not a free personality in a loose association or corporation of other individuals, but that he is integrally a unit in a vast organism which in a sense is immortal, which perpetuates itself, replenishes its life, and, in the Bergsonian sense, is very much like an onward flowing river, composed of patriots of many generations past as well as of the present, and receiving into itself generations yet unborn.

These, it seems to me, are the main reasons which justify the individual in making what would appear to be such great sacrifices of integrity of judgment and character. No matter how vaguely sensed, or feebly expressed, it is this realization of the ends of political, social and ethical evolution that justifies a man in making these sacrifices, and that convinces him that there are compensations that vastly outweigh them. He serves the State because the State best serves him. Any other conclusion would seem clearly to lead to anarchism.

There are two general conclusions of moment regarding international society which I think should be particularly borne in mind. The first is, that if the State is an entity quite distinct

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the individual, and responding to different standards of reason and ethics from those applied to the individual, it must necessarily follow that the law protecting the interests of nations and controlling their inter-relations is a vastly different kind of law from that governing the relations of individuals. This distinction is fundamental in any study of international society, for the reason that inevitably we are inclined to reason by analogy from municipal society and law. It is infinitely more simple, more restful, more satisfying, to think of nations as we would think of our own particular community; but this is utterly fatal when one once realizes the basic difference between the State and the individual. When one has a glimpse of the problem of protecting and advancing the interests of millions of human beings pursuing their own best ends along separate but convergent lines of national instincts and institutions, he realizes that ordinary reasoning by analogy is not only insufficient but quite disastrous.

This is particularly obvious in the case of those followers of Austin who are unable to think of law in any other terms than that of the policeman. To them law is an order, a command; and disobedience to the law is to be met immediately with punishment. They cannot think on the plane of law as it is to function between these mysterious entities that we call nations. This leads inevitably to futile arguments and conclusions, quite simple often in their nature, which have very little relation to the facts of international existence. In order to get anywhere in our task of understanding the problems of international society, we must, first of all, have a clear understanding of these fundamental problems we have been considering, namely, the nature of the State, the interests of the State, and the law which shall best protect and advance these interests among nations. I am frank to confess that as I consider the points of view of eminent publicists and statesmen on the subject of international law, I am perforce led to infer that they have not always understood the exact nature of international society. There is an immense need for original, hard thinking on this whole field before we can make much headway in solving the great problems that now confront the society of nations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The second general conclusion is that the problem of international organization becomes increasingly difficult when viewed in the light of the preceding considerations. How can we even discuss to any great advantage the problem of international organization—more definitely, the organization and functioning of the League of Nations or of any conference of nations called for the purpose of furthering the best interests of all—when we have not even agreed as to the precise nature of this society or of the law which should reign supreme? Such discussion would not only seem futile, but even dangerous when it results in an accentuation of the sense of differences of interests among nations, and fails to accentuate their common ultimate interests. Under such circumstances we should charitably make all due allowances for our inability to agree on methods and programmes for international conciliation or organization. Lamenting the palpable fact that we are arguing from different premises, some of which are bound to be false, we should labor to encourage a more scholarly, dispassionate study of these vast problems of international society which it has been the purpose of this article to outline and suggest.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TREATY-MAKING POWER

BY STUART H. PERRY

All provisions which require more than the majority of any body to its resolutions have a direct tendency to embarrass the operations of the Government, and an indirect one to subject the sense of the majority to that of the minority.—Alexander Hamilton in *The Federalist.*

THE course of the Senate in disposing of the Four Power treaty confirms the conclusion drawn from its treatment of the Versailles treaty, that the requirement of a two-thirds vote combined with the normal operation of party politics has impaired the treaty-making power of this country to a dangerous degree. In the former case there was a complete breakdown of the mechanism for making international arrangements; in the latter case its operation was precarious, the outcome was due to good luck, and the inherent fault of the system is left even more apparent than before. Owing to changes in our political make-up and habits, a rule that was designed to insure an unprejudiced consideration of treaties has been nullified as to its primary object; while in practice it has weakened our hand in dealing with foreign Powers and has made the results of our diplomacy uncertain. Its effects are depressing to true statesmanship and react harmfully both on the attitude of the people toward foreign affairs and on the prestige of the nation.

With respect to the ratification of treaties we are out of step with the rest of the world, not in principle but in our peculiar form of practice. The necessity of ratifying important treaties has long been accepted. In the days of absolute government, although the envoy usually represented his prince under a "full power" and ratification was hardly more than a formality, it still was necessary as a safeguard in case the envoy should have exceeded his authority. The practice has continued under representative governments for an analogous reason, because it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is an assurance that the transaction actually meets the approval of the political body from which the executive's authority is derived. Thus in most countries having a parliamentary form of government the approval of the parliament is required, at least for the most important treaties, notwithstanding they are negotiated by a responsible ministry deriving its powers from the parliament. In our own case the divergence in practice lies partly in the fact that the Executive is not responsible to the Senate in the usual parliamentary sense, but chiefly in the requirement that all treaties shall be ratified by a two-thirds vote.

The motive that prompted the insertion of this provision in the Constitution was primarily not to insure that the merits of treaties should be decisively approved, as might be surmised, but to appease a demand arising out of the suspicions and jealousies of the States. The seven smaller States of the original thirteen, though a majority of the whole number, contained only one-third the total population of the country. Therefore, lest the majority of the people might be dominated by a minority, the Articles of Confederation provided that no treaty might be made without the assent of nine States. The two-thirds rule in the Constitution of 1789 merely reflected this demand, which was so insistent that it had to be complied with regardless of the intrinsic merits of the rule.

In this connection it is a significant fact that Alexander Hamilton, in his brilliant analysis of the Constitution in the *Federalist* papers, nowhere asserts the intrinsic desirability of a prescribed majority for the ratification of treaties, or for any other purpose. In fact his inclination, on general principles, was distinctly the other way, as is shown by the pregnant sentence quoted at the beginning of this article. He discusses at length the provisions as to the treaty-making power, but his only argument as to the two-thirds rule is to defend the requirement for approval by two-thirds of the Senators present, instead of the more drastic requirement of two-thirds of the entire Senate membership, which had been suggested.

This jealous particularist sentiment, which dictated the rule and dominated the entire discussion of it, long ago disappeared. The country has become unified to a degree that could hardly be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imagined in those days. The rise of party government has obliterated sectional lines, and the danger of a group of small States dominating the large ones has disappeared with the increase in their number and the diffusion of population. In short, the prime reason for the rule is dead; yet the rule itself still lives to embarrass the nation in the affairs of its maturity.

Incidentally the original advocates of this clause argued that it would assure dispassionate consideration of treaties upon their merits, by a body distinct from the Executive, whose members were to be chosen upon a plan calculated to produce an aristocracy of genuine statesmanship. But that part of the design has failed also, just as the design of an Electoral College failed, and for the same reason. With the rise of the party system, President and Senate alike have become directly responsible to the voters, all alike hold office as party representatives, and the President himself is the active head of the dominant party and as such exercises a strong though somewhat uncertain political leadership in both houses of Congress. Thus the Senate has become a body entirely different in character from what the authors of the Constitution contemplated, its relations with the Executive are different, and the consideration of treaties instead of being a dispassionate inquiry has become a matter subservient to party policy, differing little in character from the debates over legislative matters.

This result was reached clearly and beyond all question in the two great treaty controversies of the last three years. The tendency in that direction was observable much earlier; for example in the vote by which the treaty of arbitration with Great Britain was rejected in 1897, when 77 per cent of the Republican votes were cast for ratification and 57 per cent of the Democratic votes were cast against it. But not until the Versailles treaty was submitted did the ratification of a treaty become strictly a political issue, with the full power of the Administration working for it through the machinery of the dominant party in the Senate, and all the resources of the Opposition arrayed against it.

The results expressed in percentages are highly significant. Thus on the first test vote on November 19, 1919, when the question was on the ratification of the treaty with reservations,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of 48 Republican Senators voting, 35, or 73 per cent, supported the resolution, while out of 46 Democrats voting, 42, or 91 per cent, opposed it. On the final vote the same day, when the question was on the ratification of the treaty without change, 37 out of 44 Democrats, or 84 per cent, voted yes, while 46 out of 47 Republicans, or 98 per cent, voted no.

Again on March 19, 1920, when the final vote was taken on the question of ratification with the Lodge amendments, 28 Republicans out of 40, or 70 per cent, followed the leadership of their party. Even this percentage, however, does not reflect the strength of their party attitude, for the other 12 Republicans who voted against ratification were "irreconcilables" who had previously opposed the treaty either with or without reservations. The real attitude of the Republican members of the Senate, therefore, remained unchanged, being about 98 per cent against the Administration. The attitude of the Democrats was equally unchanged in principle, though the group of seven who had opposed unqualified ratification in November, and who now voted for the treaty with reservations, was augmented by 14 others who were willing to accept reservations rather than let the treaty fail. The percentage of Democratic votes on this occasion is not instructive, because many of them were cast against the treaty by strong Administration supporters who had rather the treaty would fail than accept any modification.

In the case of the Four Power treaty the same tendency was equally conspicuous. Taking the average of all the roll calls on amendments and reservations, about 92 per cent of all Republican votes were cast against such changes and about 76 per cent of all Democratic votes in favor of them. The Republican percentage never fell below 90 and in some cases the Democratic percentage reached 91. On the final vote 55 out of 59 Republicans, or 94 per cent, voted for ratification, while 23 out of 35 Democrats, or 66 per cent, opposed it. It is also worthy of note that this ratio of party solidarity among the Democrats was attained in spite of the fact that Senator Underwood's activity in the negotiation of the treaty might have been expected to influence the attitude of his party colleagues in its favor. There is every reason to expect that the parliamentary history of these treaties will be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

repeated whenever a treaty is submitted that is important enough to be made a party issue, or which is brought forward under circumstances that arouse party opposition.

The result is that no Administration can feel even reasonably sure of its ground in negotiating an important treaty unless it can rely upon a strong party majority in the Senate. That majority, to be effective, must be much larger than an Executive would require in any other country having a parliamentary form of government. Where, as in other countries, a majority vote in parliament is sufficient for all purposes, a safe "working majority" is all that the Executive needs; here he must be able to count upon sufficient party strength in the Senate to insure a majority of two to one upon a treaty question. He can, it is true, count upon converting a few members of the Opposition, upon the merits of the case; but experience has proved that the number of such converts is small, and furthermore they are likely to be offset by a certain number of defections from the Administration ranks. Therefore, in order to insure the two-thirds majority required by the Constitution for the ratification of treaties, his party strength in the Senate must be measured by approximately the same ratio.

This feature of our treaty-making machinery clearly puts the United States at a disadvantage as compared with other nations, for it reduces our diplomatic actions in important cases, no matter how formal and definitive they may purport to be, to the status of preliminary conversations. A nation's diplomatic efficiency is measured by the promptness and certainty of its action. Obviously an autocratic government is most efficient, as far as the technique of diplomacy is concerned, because the functions of negotiation and of ratification are combined in one political body; the envoy's "full power" therefore is worth its face value, he speaks for his prince, and ratification of his acts is practically assured. The diplomatic efficiency of an ordinary parliamentary government, acting through responsible ministers whose power is derived from a parliamentary majority, approximates that of the old-time monarchy; because a ministry cannot exist unless it commands such a majority, and as long as it does exist its actions are reasonably sure of ratification, the same working majority being sufficient for either end.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the case of the United States, however, the Constitution, as modified by political custom, requires a party majority much larger than any Administration can ordinarily hope to enjoy, and if that margin of party strength is lacking, the Administration's position in the conduct of foreign affairs becomes insecure. Moreover this two-thirds rule is more onerous to the Administration that even the same requirement would be to the executive power in a European state, because in the latter case the fact that the Executive derives his powers from a parliamentary majority insures much closer political harmony than exists between our Senate and President. The relation between these two is only a liaison, between branches of government that in most respects are independent of each other, which is maintained only through personal influence, the use of patronage and a common party allegiance. All of these three may fail; personal influence may be replaced by antipathy, and of course patronage and a common party allegiance avail only among Senators of the President's own party, who may be only a small majority or even a minority.

Since it has become clear that the Senate may be expected to deal with treaties according to party lines, it is a logical necessity that the required majority for ratification should be reduced enough to make the rule practical and workable under ordinary political conditions. To make it obligatory for an Administration to command a two-thirds vote upon a treaty—which in effect means a party majority of 32—is to impose a condition that cannot often be met. In the last forty years no Administration has enjoyed such a party backing, and only in two Congresses during that period—the Sixtieth and the Sixty-first—did the Administration's majority even approximate that figure. If the requirement were reduced to three-fifths or 60 per cent, instead of 66.6 per cent, it would be much more workable. A President strong politically might fairly hope to have a Senate standing 58 to 38 in his favor; yet even that hope has been realized in only four Congresses in the 22 that have sat since 1880. From 1880 to 1899 no party majority in the Senate has exceeded 10. A requirement of 55 per cent, or 53 to 43, might seem low, yet it would in practice call for a party majority of approximately 10; and in any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

case it would be enough to insure a reasonably strong preponderance of opinion in a chamber of only 96 members.

Any proposal to reduce the minimum for ratification naturally evokes the objection that an international agreement is a matter of such gravity that it ought to be approved upon its merits by an ample majority. But the answer is twofold: first, that such matters patently are no longer decided upon their merits; and second, that whatever the theoretical value of the rule is, or may have been, it has become practically unworkable and leads to deadlock and inaction.

In the light of the votes and percentages already referred to, it is idle to attempt to maintain the fiction of nonpartisan consideration of treaties. This is reflected in the small ratio of defections from party alignment. Thus in the final vote of November 19, 1919, which was the clearest test of party attitude, only one Republican and seven Democrats were out of step with their respective parties. In the case of the Four Power treaty the vote on the first reservation showed only five Republicans and three Democrats out of step, and on the final vote only four Republicans and 12 Democrats.

In the case of both treaties party strength determined the outcome. Whatever the faults of President Wilson's treaty may have been, the primary cause of its rejection was the fact that the political opposition was strong enough to block it. On the other hand, with all the merits of the Four Power treaty, and notwithstanding the exceptionally large party majority of 59 to 35 in the Senate, the Administration barely succeeded in obtaining ratification.

It is only fair to concede that a certain proportion of both Republicans and Democrats who apparently followed party leadership judged these treaties upon their merits and would have voted the same way had they belonged to the opposing parties. But, paradoxical as it might appear, this fact would in no wise abate the necessity of a two-thirds party majority in order to insure a two-thirds treaty majority, as long as any considerable number of Senators regard a treaty as a party issue; because the unprejudiced or nonpartisan votes presumably would come proportionately from both sides of the chamber.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For example, suppose a treaty comes as a Republican party issue before a Senate made up of 64 Republicans and 32 Democrats. If all voted as partisans there would be a two-thirds majority for ratification. But suppose half the members on each side ignored politics and weighed the treaty on its merits. Even though these men approved the treaty on its merits by a two-thirds vote, or 32 to 16, still 32 more votes would have to come from the ranks of the 48 partisan Senators in order to ratify the treaty. In the same manner if 60 Senators voting as non-partisans stood two to one for ratification, the Administration would still have to get 24 out of the other 36 partisan Senators; otherwise the treaty would fail, though approved on its merits by a two-to-one majority of unprejudiced votes. In other words, whatever the number of partisan votes may be, the President must control two-thirds of them; otherwise the minority of unprejudiced opinions will prevail over the majority. Even though 90 members, considering a treaty judicially, approved it by a vote of 60 to 30, three hostile partisan votes out of the remaining six would defeat ratification. The existing rule therefore enables a few partisan Senators to nullify the will of a large majority of the whole body.

The settled political practice of dealing with treaties as matters of party policy, coupled with the two-thirds rule, has shown its results so clearly that any further demonstration would be superfluous. We may accept as a fact henceforth that it is impossible for the American Government to do business as effectively as other nations in any matter involving an important treaty. Inasmuch as one Administration cannot bind its successor by any commitment or statement of policy, it is clear that no international engagements can be undertaken except through the medium of treaties; and it has now become equally clear that the fate of such treaties is altogether precarious. Therefore our Government is left incapable of making a tentative agreement that embodies even a fair prospect of finality. Diplomatic communications become merely individual expressions of officials, binding only while they remain in office, and to be relied upon only so far as the Administration is able to carry them out independently of the Senate. International conferences in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which we take part become mere preliminary *pour-parlers*, which may or may not lead to definitive agreements, the issue depending on the ebb and flow of domestic politics. Our representatives in such conferences are not in any sense plenipotentiaries and their "full powers" are a mere form, for their proposals, acceptances and commitments carry with them only a possibility of confirmation. Obviously such a spokesman is at a disadvantage in dealing with one whose acts are virtually binding *ab initio* and which are practically certain to be ratified.

Such uncertainty not only impairs the efficiency of our diplomatic practice, but impairs the country's prestige in the councils of the nations. The nation is placed in the position of an individual who cannot even himself be sure that he means what he says or that he can perform what he undertakes. The reaction upon our own statecraft is hardly less pernicious. It cannot fail to dishearten an able diplomat to see his best work undone, despite its acknowledged merits, through the operation of an obsolete and unreasonable rule, and the effect upon public opinion must inevitably be confusing and demoralizing.

It is not necessarily an evil thing that the disposition of treaties has become a matter of party politics. It seems inevitable that our Government must be carried on under the party system, and it is to be expected that foreign relations not only will tend increasingly to become party issues, but that they will become increasingly important as such. The evil lies in the fact that we do not permit such issues to be disposed of according to the logical and workable methods whereby all other political issues are disposed of, but have placed them in a parliamentary straitjacket that prevents normal action and which is likely to result in deadlock unless the Administration happens to possess abnormal political strength. We look to the dominant party, represented by the President and a majority in the houses of Congress, to reflect public sentiment and execute the will of the majority, and we hold it responsible for its action both in foreign and domestic affairs. Let us, then, provide a reasonable mechanism through which that responsibility can be discharged.

STUART H. PERRY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BUILDING OF A BUILDER: A. BARTON HEPBURN

BY IRVING BACHELLER

FROM hilltops near the place of my birth I could see, when a lad, one of the north gables of the wilderness and the slope of its great green roof coming down from the high ridges in the south. The eaves of this roof dripped into the long, fertile valley of the St. Lawrence. My father's farm was near the southern side of this valley and beyond the first lift of the foothills. Gray rocks and boulders rose above the vivid green mantle of its big pasture. They and their kind had held a heavy mortgage on the land. They remind me of the desperate struggle against gravitation in which those northern pioneers wore and bent their bodies. The clay lands ended a mile or so beyond us. Then came the sand hills with their shacks and cabins, and shiftless, half-hearted folk, looking as poor as the scanty growth of vegetation in their fields. Beyond a great sand hill in the south was the village of Colton. It was built on the sands in a poor country, but it lay beside a big, husky, bounding river which had thrown foamy loops around hills and mountains and leaped precipices and charged through rock gorges and down long, tumbly slopes, hurrying out of far reaches of the wilderness toward the sown lands. Colton was on the edge of the latter. Colton was a child of the Racquette River feeding on its taurine vitality. The wealth of Golconda was along its shores—mammoth pines, straight as a ship's mast and a hundred feet to the first limb; spruces the like of which were not to be found in eastern America, and enough of them to build a hundred cities.

Every winter the big, brawny woodchoppers of the North went further up the river with saws and axes and teams of oxen and horses and built their camps and felled the great trees and filled their skidways. In the spring, down came the costly freight on the back of this mighty water-horse, thundering over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

falls, rushing down the slants, piling up at the bends and prodded back into the saddle and on through still, level stretches, by the river driver. Colton was the upper station, the first stop where the river began to lighten its load. There, the year round, a big sawmill was trimming and slicing the logs. Guides, millmen, lumberjacks, river drivers, farmers—tired and retired—and Ed Potter's string band, made the commerce of Colton. It was also a market and place of fitting out for hunters and trappers. There one saw the last of stores and houses and churches and "folks" until, coming down out of the big woods, the sight of them gladdened his heart again. In Colton he was sure to tarry. There were rum and molasses and white wheat whiskey and other varieties of "blue ruin" in the bar of the Empire Hotel, where he found a genial host in Charley Sanborn and excellent food and good company and a warm fireside. There, or in the hardware store, or the drug shop, or the corner grocery, surrounded by grateful aromas of "store tea" and "boughten molasses" or "red licker", he would find kindred souls glad to listen to his tales of adventure in the great woods and to tell their own, while the smoke of their clay pipes, and, now and then, a "cow swaller" increased their valor and volubility. They were like the story-tellers of Ispahan. Those with a taste for fiction gathered about them and listened. These heroic men were the popular authors of that community and time. Each one of them carried a kind of storage battery in the shape of a small bottle to stiffen the current of his imagination at points more or less remote from the charging station, which was the Empire Hotel.

Mose Leonard, Lute Crampton, Charley Hutchins, Mart Moody and other renowned and mighty hunters were sure to be sitting by these genial firesides on their way in and out of the woods. Some were silent, dignified, imperturbable men. Mose Leonard was of that type. But the hunter, as a rule, was different. Generally he was a man of leisure and lavish generosity, to himself and others, when he came out of the solitudes. His joy at getting back seemed to open the springs of youth in him. He was as playful as a boy. He laughed and danced and sang songs and told stories and pulled sticks. He loved to display his strength and agility. His stories were a kind of mental gymnas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tics. In them his imagination was trying its muscle and creating astonishment. Such were the salons and the conversationalists of this rude village of the Northern border.

Such also was the environment of the boy, Bart Hepburn; such the atmosphere of sylvan adventure and robust vitality in which he spent his youth. He lived on the main road that led into the deep woods a mile or so above the village. Hunters and trappers passed the door of his father on their way to and from the wilderness. Often they stopped to chat with the pioneer and his sons, or to enjoy the hospitality of their home.

The Hepburns lived on a stretch of stillwater. Bart began young to set his traps on the river banks. They say up there that he became a bank examiner soon after he had learned to walk. He caught muskrats and sold the pelts in Colton. In the late fall and winter, he went to school in the village. He was a born mathematician, but he liked the woods better than the school.

Saturdays, and even Sundays, he was often out in the woods with his gun and dog and traps. He became a good shot and an able trailer, bringing home partridges, deer and gray squirrels and, now and then, capturing a mink, or an otter. He made a plan. He would be a great hunter and trapper. He saved his earnings. The autumn of his sixteenth year found him ready to begin his chosen work. His father and mother had given their consent to it. He had bought twenty-four traps and was going into the great woods for the winter. In the spring he, too, would have some stories to tell. He had come home from the village with his traps. His sister, Cordelia, found them hanging in the woodshed.

"Bart, what does this mean?" she asked.

"I'm going into the woods this winter to hunt and trap," he answered.

She was an energetic little body with ideals above those of the rude countryside at the gate of the wilderness. She proceeded to give him, not advice, but information.

"Bart, you will do nothing of the kind," she said.

"What then?" he asked.

"We'll see," she answered, and without another word went

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into the house and put on her hat and shawl and started for Colton. That little walk to Colton made history.

When she returned, she had got a job for him in the hardware store. That place with its guns and ammunition and fishing tackle made a strong appeal to Bart. It started him toward the sown lands. He never turned back, save for a few days of fun. It was the prompt, energetic action of this beloved sister of his which turned Barton Hepburn from the career of a guide, hunter and trapper. He began to read the biographies of great men. He decided "to try an education on himself and see how it would fit", as he was wont to say. He had money enough to spend a year in Potsdam—the next village down the river and a much larger one—for two terms in the Academy under Professor Sweet.

Those days, the farmer's son—seeking an education in town—hired a small room, at perhaps fifty cents a week, and did his own cooking and sweeping and mending and bed making and, often, his own washing. The stove and wood to burn in it and furniture were brought into town from the farm and the living expenses would scarcely have exceeded ten dollars a month. Bart made a wise improvement of his time. The Academy was full of young fellows equally concerned with the problem of self-improvement. He caught the spirit of the place. He was a good student. The Professor praised and encouraged him. He began to read the tales and poems of Sir Walter Scott and committed to memory *The Lady of the Lake.* It is probable that the high emotions they kindled broke the vault of his past and called his imagination out of the great woods.

It was about this time that he began to think of his name as he lay in bed one night. Somehow, Barton Hepburn had not the right sound to it. After all it was his name. Therefore he could see no reason why it should not suit him. Most great men had three names. Why should he not have a full equipment of them? They didn't cost anything, so he helped himself to another name. It was Alonzo. Thereafter for a time his signature was Alonzo Barton Hepburn, and later A. Barton Hepburn.

His thought had turned from the wilderness. He decided that he would be a lawyer. Mr. Anstead, a Colton attorney,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loaned him a copy of Blackstone's *Commentaries*. The next winter, he taught the Dorrity School, if I remember rightly, spending a part of his leisure in the study of the *Commentaries*. In the autumn, he went to Middlebury College, probably because his father, Zina Hepburn, had come from that neighborhood, and Bart put in two years there, teaching winters to pay for board, clothes and tuition. Then he became instructor in mathematics in the St. Lawrence Academy under Dr. Plumb, and later principal of the school at Ogdensburg. Meanwhile, he had been studying the law books. After a term as School Commissioner for the county, he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of the law at Colton.

On a summer day, when I was a lad about twelve years of age, in the old Howard school house, of which my sister was then the teacher, I got my first look at "Bart Hibburn" as he was familiarly called up there in the hills. My sister had been a schoolmate of his in the Academy at Potsdam, and I had heard much about him. It was a moment of dread anxiety, when with a forbidden look through the window near which I sat, I saw this stranger turn into the school yard, sitting erect in a single buggy, and get out and hitch his horse to the fence. I knew it was the Commissioner. Other eyes had seen him. There was a little rustle of alarm among the "pupils"—as we were known in those rural, knife-hacked shrines of Minerva, smelling of apple pie and stale cheese and bread and butter. I remember how proud I was to learn for the first time that I had become "a pupil".

What a silence fell upon us as the knowledge spread that the Commissioner had arrived! The teacher looked pale and serious and began to feel her back hair.

"Carlton, stop looking out of the window. Salona, please do not lean on your desk," she warned in a low voice and added: "The first class in grammar will now recite."

I was a member of that class—there were only three of us who had got along so far as analysis and parsing. How scared we were as we took our places on the floor! I remember the look of consternation in the eyes of my sister as she beheld my bare feet which showed unwelcome signs of their love of mud puddles.

The Commissioner entered and shook hands with her and sat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down behind the desk. He had a full, brown beard of a hue not quite "sandy" but nearing it, I would say, looking back through all these years; deep set blue eyes, a serious, indeed almost a sad face, and a quiet dignified manner. He listened attentively as we recited our lesson, doing ourselves poor justice, I am bound to say. He asked two or three questions, congratulated the teacher and went away.

When I saw him again I must have been about sixteen and he twenty-nine. He stood in the office of the Empire Hotel, just back from Albany, surrounded by admiring friends. He was then a Member of the Assembly. The second stage of his great career had begun. Sitting by the camp fire one evening in the remote and lonely canyon of Fish Creek in western Wyoming, where we were hunting elk, he told me the remarkable story of his nomination and of the singular events that lifted him into prominence.

"My friends had planted the hope in me that I could be nominated for the Assembly," he began. "I went to one of the party leaders in Canton and asked him if he could see any objection to my being a candidate.

"'None at all', he answered with an ironical smile that hurt me.

"'I wanted to know about that, because if I start in the race, I shall keep a-going', I said.

"'Go ahead', said he, but with his tongue in his cheek as if he would have me understand that I would be likely to find it bad going.

"The other leaders talked in the same tone. They had made a wrong guess at my weight. They didn't know me, of course, as well as I knew myself, and those fellows in Canton were running a little monopoly and hitting at everyone who came near it. I don't owe much to them. My travel as School Commissioner had given me a wide acquaintance in the county. I had lodged or broken bread with most of the leading families. All the teachers knew me. I had shaken hands with the best men in every school district. I had made nothing out of my job as Commissioner but friends. Now I began to learn their value and increase their number. There were two or three important men in the county who liked me and believed in me. I consulted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them. They encouraged me to go ahead and told me about how to proceed. I had some young friends—mostly school friends—who were willing to take off their coats and go to work for me. We organized a canvass of the voters and soon our horses and buggies were on all the main roads. We were making a stir. The news of it reached Canton. The leaders were worried. The one I had first consulted sent for me to come and see him. I went.

"'You cannot be nominated this year. It is impossible', he said. 'Wait a year or so and you shall have our help'.

"'Mr. R——, when I saw you first, I told you that if I went ahead I should keep a-going and you told me to go ahead. I went ahead and now I cannot stop. I owe it to my friends who have been working for me to go on.'

"'All right, go on then, and you'll see what will happen to you,' he said with a look of indignant pity for my presumption.

"I saw, and conquered. We captured the delegates from nearly every town in the county. I had learned my first great lesson. It had taught me the value of friends. Since then I have really studied the art of choosing, making and keeping friends. It is a most helpful and inspiring art. It involves keeping oneself worthy of the respect and confidence of discerning men. In the matter of choosing friends, I think that I was born with rather good taste.

"I went to Albany with the ill will of most of the home leaders. I had not the benefit of their endorsement and their letters of introduction. The administration was Democratic, so my lack of machine backing was not so important as it might have been. Tilden was Governor. The Speaker was a little, lame, hard-swearing Irishman of the name of Maguire—a real human being and a good fellow. I had two letters of introduction but I was almost a total stranger.

"I was in my seat one afternoon when someone touched my shoulder. Turning I saw the gigantic figure of John F. Smythe, the local political boss, leaning over me.

"'Is your name Hepburn?' he asked,

"'Yes, sir.'

"'How do you spell it?'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I spelled the name for him. He handed me his card.

"'Can you come to my rooms this evening?' he asked. 'I want to have a talk with you.'

"I went, and the interview had a remarkable effect on my career. Mr. Smythe began by telling why he had asked me to call. It was a story of his boyhood. When a lad in school, over in Scotland, he and some other students had got into trouble on account of a bit of hazing in which they had been leaders. The master proposed to expel them and turn them over to the civil authorities for punishment. It meant disgrace and consequences more serious then the offense merited. The boys were in a panic, when a man of my name befriended them. He went to the schoolmaster, and by timely persuasion saved the boys from the peril of disgrace. Naturally they were grateful.

"'Since I have come to manhood and some degree of success, I have thought often of the kindness of that member of your Clan,' he said. 'Long since he passed beyond the reach of my gratitude, but I have called you here to tell you that anything I can do for a Hepburn will be gladly done. What do you want here?'

"It almost took my breath. I knew that it was in his power to be of great service to me. I thought a moment and said:

"'Well sir, I should like to be a member of the Banking, Judiciary and Insurance Committees.'

"'Have you seen the Speaker?' he asked.

"'Not yet. He is so chased and beset by members, I haven't had a chance.'

"'Go and see him tomorrow. It's your duty to do it. You are not a private enterprise. Tell him you represent a large number of the best people in the State who expect to be recognized in the structure of the committees. I shall see him also.'

"I suppose no more curious thing ever happened to a friendless young legislator. I went to see the Speaker. The lame, irritable little Irishman was surrounded by men seeking favor. Everyone was pushing his claims. I sat down and waited my turn. I had thought carefully of my approach.

"'Mr. Speaker,' I said, when at last I stood by his desk. 'I'm going to be brief and modest. Your burdens are heavy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough. I shall increase them as little as possible. I come to you only because my people would disown me if I didn't. They will expect you to give me a chance to be busy enough to keep out of mischief.'

"'By G——, I like the way you talk!' he declared. 'Sit down here.'

"Smythe had seen him. He wished to know what I wanted. I told him and got it, and more. He put me on all the best committees and gave me an important chairmanship.

"I was ready for work. I looked the ground over. It astonished me to see how many men there were in the House who knew little or nothing of the bills that were being introduced and of the real progress of legislation. I decided that I would be an exception; that when a bill came up, I would know its history and aim. I went to work harder than I had ever worked in school. When a session began I was prepared for it. I was the man with the facts and I think about the only man with the facts. I became an authority on legislation. My knowledge of the various undertakings began to attract attention. Governor Tilden heard of it and asked me to dinner. Then came my chance.

"The Governor proposed to investigate the management of canals and railroads. He had caused a bill to be introduced, calling for a secret investigation. Witnesses were to be examined without the benefit of counsel. Excellent as the bill might be in other respects, I objected to the secrecy and the examination without counsel. These would make the investigation a star chamber proceeding.

"But here was an embarrassing fact: only the worst men in the Legislature were opposed to the bill. I voted with them and briefly gave my reasons. The New York papers attacked me. I was worried. I saw, in my fancy, the smiles of delight on the faces of those Republican leaders in the North. I could hear their chorus of I-told-you-so's. I got ready to defend my course in a speech. I was loaded to the muzzle when Tilden sent for me. It nearly floored me with astonishment to hear him say:

"'Hepburn, you are right about that bill. Public opinion has changed. To-day it is with you.'"

Here was the last gate on the road to success. He had passed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it safely. Nothing could stop him now. He had won recognition from that Governor who was known in Albany as "the Human Iceberg". It was due to the influence of Tilden—a man opposed to him in politics—that he became chairman of the special committee for the investigation of the railroads. The findings of that committee made history.

He told me, as we sat by the fire, of the efforts to bribe him that winter with offers of place and power, but under such a promise that I have not even now the liberty to speak of details. He was a steadfast man. It was his fidelity to Conkling when all others had turned against him that won the friendship of the great Senator. The foundations of the structure were now laid. Of the master of economics and the banker of world vision and unyielding honor I shall have little to say here. Of the honor and the vision I know of striking proofs.

One evening as we were sitting in camp near one of the lonely barrens in Newfoundland, he told me of a sky-rocket millionaire who came one day and laid before him a sugar-coated proposition in "high finance."

"I shelled the sugar off it and the thing began to smell," said the banker.

"'Now what do ye think of it?' I asked.

"He looked at me and smiled but did not answer.

"'I guess I'd better tell ye what I think of you,' I said. 'You're not honest and I don't want anything to do with you or your plans.'"

This kind of thing gave him the reputation in Wall Street of being a "cold man", but he was cold only to those who sought to use him.

His discerning eye went quickly to the core of every proposition. No weight of authority, no rich promise of quick profit, no blandishments of soft persuasion, could turn it aside, or change his vision of the truth or soften the frankness of his speech.

Henry Goldman once said to me:

"In a board meeting he will sit quietly and listen until the rest of us have had our say on some difficult problem. Then he will drawl out a remark which will show us that we are all wrong and must begin over and work along the line he has indi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cated." Naturally he was called lucky. Every man with penetration and the love of honor and the capacity for work is bound to be lucky. His path is above that of common men where there is nothing in his way.

There is a tradition in the North Country that he was born under a lucky star. Uncle Mat Ives of Potsdam once told me of going into the woods with him many years ago when he had come back from Albany for a week of fishing. Bart used always to say in the dialect of the natives when he had got to camp:

"A good thing t'dew is to git a deer the fust night."

They got their deer in spite of the fact that it was out of season. Those days there was an unwritten law among woodsmen which entitled every camping party to meat for its frying pan. While Bart was dressing the deer, his worst enemy arrived —a man he had prosecuted for some low down misdemeanor.

"I knew that he would try to make us trouble," said Uncle Mat. "It wouldn't scare the ordinary, every-day citizen, but Bart was a lawmaker and that meat would be likely to nourish his political enemies. An' what do ye suppose happened? On his way out o' the woods that cuss shot himself by accident an' died in the trail. It never did pay to git in the way o' Bart Hibbern.

"I 'member one night when he had shot a deer, Bart wanted to git out an' find him. It was hard to find a landing. I throwed my light ahead an' saw what I thought was a log. I paddled up to it.

"'Bart,' I says, 'Git out on that log.'

"I steadied the canoe an' he got up an' stepped out. Gosh! he went into the mud to his armpits, an' wallered ashore an' shook himself like a wet dog an' says he:

"'Hereafter I'll pick out my own logs. Yours are too soft.'

"After that when Bart Hibbern took a step, he knew 'bout where it was goin' to land him."

Of his vision, I have had a striking example. In June, 1914, we went up the St. John River on the Gaspé Peninsula after salmon. We came down the river on the Fourth of July—a bright warm day. The St. John came out of the high country in a perpetual rush between steep ridges wooded to the water's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

edge with spire-like balsams and spruces. It was floored with stones white as alabaster, green as emeralds, yellow as gold, blue as the sky above us. The water flood was as transparent as glass. We came along at a pace as leisurely as the river would allow, fishing the best pools, and with great success. We stopped on a shady point for luncheon, and sat for an hour while he talked of the old times. Always when he spoke of his sister Cordelia, there would be a tender note in his voice. Then he would turn away and a moment of silence would follow.

At the Long Sluice Pool, he would have me take the best position. How the great salmon took my flies and leaped into the air and fought for their lives with me—fourteen of them as I sat in one position! It was a day of ten thousand, flavored with beauty and friendship and the most thrilling sport that man has discovered. But, chiefly, that day was remarkable for its background—of long peace, of respect for law and order, of happiness and prosperity and good will in the world. It was for us the last day of an era in the history of man.

As we approached the landing, six miles from Gaspé, we were living its final moments. We got out of the boats. A man gave Mr. Hepburn an accumulation of mail and newspapers. He tore the wrapper from one of the latter and read its headlines.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "Read this."

I read of the murders in Sarajevo.

"That doesn't look like a serious matter does it?" I asked.

"It means war, and probably a world war!" he answered.

He said not a word on the road to Gaspé—save to himself. He was depressed. He muttered. After that he was different. Indeed all the world was different. I think often of that night which fell upon us as we rode. The old order of things had passed with the sunlight. A new time was come.

IRVING BACHELLER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT IS BACKGROUND?

BY MURIEL HARRIS

THE fairy-tale of Paris belongs to all of us, in whatever terms it may be told. For some it is Marie Antoinette and the Petit Trianon; and, curiously, by comparison with a rather worthless Queen, the Great War pales. For some it is Napoleon in his cocked hat and white breeches, and his great tomb, one of the fingertips of Paris. For still more it is the Bois and the elegance and luxury and beautiful women; and for the rest, there is always the particular application—the house where Balzac had his printing-press, or perhaps only a great stone wall, symbol of the centuries, over which a fruit-tree blooms, symbol of centuries continually renewed. I cannot think of anyone for whom there is not in Paris some answering chord, some link with a great aggregate of humanity, which has lived and wrought and piled up history and romance and experience for two thousand years, all under the one banner of Paris.

Nor is it again necessarily an individual circumstance, or a person, which causes a thrilling as it brings the mind in contact with that great accumulation. I like to think that Julian on his island in the Seine took pleasure in watching the waters flow by, even as to-day I note that they are higher or lower, or that one of the indefatigable fishermen has really caught a gudgeon. It is pleasant to contemplate King Louis's Sainte Chapelle and to think upon his piety, wondering how it really struck his people, whether they liked his saintliness or often found it boring, whether he sometimes lost his temper, or appreciated Parisian cooking; to try to disengage the man who built the chapel from all the hearsay and convention which have made of him but one more stone figure upon a tomb. At least he liked his island in the Seine, just as Julian liked it, just indeed as you and I like it to-day. Perhaps too his court caught gudgeons and hoped the heavy rains would not bring a flood. It is moving to see the stones in an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ancient church, some of which go back to the time of Christ, relics of the Roman day; it is very nearly amusing to see the Panthéon, with all its modernness and the Gallic spirit, which buries its great men there, and then with a change of opinion, takes them out again; it is stirring to remember that it stands upon the hill of Saint Geneviève who saved Paris, and to think that there were then, even as now, rebels against the old autocrat, however saintly, rebels indeed for whom Paris has always been famous. All these things may or may not strike the spark which brings the past once more to life. But they form a background for their descendants, against which they in turn achieve significance. They are something which belongs to the Old World and to Paris in particular. For Paris has always been modern, whether in the innovation of her Sainte Chapelle or of her Panthéon. To-day and yesterday, the latest comers have an inheritance of astonishing unity.

It is perhaps necessary to have lived in the New World to realize the significance of background such as Paris. The New World is like a clean, white linen sheet, full of utility, good to touch, pleasantly suggestive perhaps of wind and water and green grass. Paris is like a piece of old lace, mellow, exquisite, the outcome of centuries of human effort, all of which whisper their story to those who can hear and give an impetus towards the next. There is hardly a street in Paris which has not a story. And it need not be the story of a Queen who went into a convent here; a King who was murdered there. It need not even be the French Revolution with all its inclusion of the people proper. But there you have a stone stair-case, the steps of which are worn with myriad feet, old and young, sorrowful and joyous. That red tiled floor has been waxed for a century and more. Generations of locksmiths have worked without intermission in the little shop below, while the street echoes and reëchoes with the secular cries and Pan-pipes of the china-menders, the rag-and-bone men, the fruit-sellers, what not. At the café at the corner perhaps the Encyclopædists met and talked; still more significant, the green-grocer and the baker and the oil-merchant thrash out questions of the day, now as then, while their wives, Buddha-like, sit behind the counter in the shop, never moving, it would almost

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seem, even to go to bed. It has all been done and done again and is still being done, and in the curiosity-shop—and curiosity-shops abound—there is in the bits of lace or china, in the quaint prints selling for a song, in scraps of chintz or brocade, an epitome of Parisian life, as with outward changes it has pursued its changeless way. To the outsider it is at least picturesque; some of it he has seen in books, perhaps on the stage. Here it is actually real, normal, natural, no effort towards "atmosphere", towards effect of any kind, an amazing background, against which real people live and move and have their being.

And what is background? What is the difference between the virgin forest, perhaps as old as Paris after all, and the hill upon which St. Denis's head was cut off, the Paris indeed which is most thrilling by reason of its deeds of violence? What is the difference between the inspiration of an uncharted country and the stones which have been trodden by a race? It is the difference of a great limitation. Background is a frame, a container, a vehicle. It enables men not only to see, but to see something. It is the motor of thought, which, even when the thinker ceases his small effort towards understanding, still carries him along and saves him the effort each time of going back to the beginning. It is not for nothing that the human being is gregarious. The creative effort which is in everyone is always seeking means to express itself. Background provides a common formula, for it also is composed of human beings and it is to human beings that a man tells his story, seeks to gain their sympathy and understanding, to empty himself, as it were, of the thought that is bursting in his mind and so to obtain relief. Possibly the greatest gift of background is its provision of a common language, and just as some languages are halting, limited, so others, such as that of Paris, have a wealth of words that almost outrun their original function. The whispering forest is articulate only to the few, and the man who would express himself in its language has with hard labor to hew out the means by which he can translate it to the many. The common language of Paris is shared in more or less degree by all. The slightest allusion calls up a picture in the mind of the listener, and the speaker is freed from the bondage of means, from the material side of thought, by all this wealth of background.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Background is often called history; but history too often only means a St. Bartholomew, a Fronde, a Joséphine, all the more astonishing things which have as little to do with the real living of the people as have the melodramas of the cinematograph. The Great War taught us what history really is. We saw with our eyes how living events were gradually transformed, shaped and chiselled out of their original semblance to fit in with the general scheme of things—the difference between a man himself and his memorial tablet. In the long chain of events, this monumentalism, this desiccation, has its uses, if we are not to be swamped with detail. But for the particular point upon which we concentrate, it is sadly insufficient. Thus we cling to the magic which now and again enables us to raise the dead—the magic of a word—"tocsin," for instance, infinitely more vivid than all the killings of the Bartholomew massacre; the magic of a picture—Puvis de Chavannes's charming Bishop as he discovers the little Geneviève, a real man in relation to a real and dear little girl. The Roman baths at the Cluny Museum give a more sudden jolt into the reality of the Roman occupation than histories of Roman Emperors, just because they are out of their classic setting, and "All Gaul is divided into three parts" ceases to be a Latin exercise and becomes a traveler's discovery. Sometimes indeed it is the present which is the classic and the past which really lives. All the dressmaking side of Paris, for instance, is at least as classic as the Conciergerie or the Place de la Grève. Did not French Queens, four hundred years ago, send Paris fashions to their less fortunate friends of England and Bavaria? Is not the Quartier Latin itself a classic formula of long hair and big black ties, which has been echoed all the world over? Are not the Bird Market and the Flower Market and the midinette at least as much the Paris stock-in-trade as the house of Madame de Sévigné, the Louvre, and all the places which we ought to see and for that very reason had much better neglect if we wish truly to realize Paris? It is not the date of a century that makes it classic; it is not its date that makes it vivid. Some of the incidents of the Great War are already more classic, are more bound up and set upon a shelf, than is, for instance, the survival in the name of Issy-les-Moulineaux of the earliest granaries of Paris. The Roman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tiles in the church of St. Julien-les-Pauvres have the modernness that belongs to something that is made, rather than hewn, while the fortifications, even the feudal institution of the concierge, at one bound carry you back into the Middle Ages. But all of it, classic and actual, the concentrated essence of two thousand years of living and dying and thinking and acting, is a tapestry of a million threads, a mosaic of a thousand shades, which in one way or another has something to offer everybody. And to this day each individual adds to it his quota, whether in the secular bookselling of the Latin Quarter, or in the singing of gay little old songs over the butter and eggs at the market; finds his reference point in it, the means by which he is enabled to share his thought with someone else. He may distinguish a red thread or a gold, he may look for blue glass or for white, but its tone is determined by the background to which it belongs.

Thus background fences us in from our loneliness; gives us a place in eternity from which we can start, to which we can come back. It is our spiritual home. It is the four walls which shut out nothingness with all its terrors, which out of everything constrains a choice. With the familiar stones of Paris under our feet, with ancient sites and ancient habits, our mind finds the fulcrum necessary for its movement. Perhaps we do not even know the actual events and personalities which are thick around us. But they are there, in every pore of the ancient city that has never grown old. As in a current, we find ourselves carried along by it without any effort on our own part. The back woodsman washes his shirt in the forest stream and the action drifts away, lost in space. The workman scrubs his blue shirt on the stone wall bordering the Seine, as thousands of his kind have done before him, and his action is one more bead on the connecting string of events. The familiar action counts, has meaning, continuity. Is it not true therefore that the greater part of creative work is actual background and background alone? Is not the effort of creation alone so huge that the means, the tools, must be at hand, for it not to exhaust itself halfway?

The would-be creator in new surroundings is at pains to supply himself with background, atmosphere. Why? Why is there a Greenwich Village? Why do people wear their hair long because

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they follow particular vocations? Why must they have old furniture, or Japanese decorations, or Russian samovars—something, in short, which is more than chairs and tables? Why do people found art colonies, retire to the woods, speak of "atmosphere" as though you could transport it in your bag? And why does it all seem a little absurd, when in Paris, more perhaps than anywhere, it is just as much a part of natural life as meat and drink and clothing? It is because the creator in a newer country is faced with the gigantic task not only of creating the fragment which he shall add to the sum total of achievement, but of creating it, as it were, almost out of the void, of hewing a statuette out of a cliff instead of out of a block of marble already cut and proportioned. Who shall even see his statuette for the material which surrounds it? In Paris the clearing has long been made; the material is ordered, the marble cut; alone it remains to form the conception—work enough indeed for a single mind. The background is there, rich and compelling. The creator is never crushed under the weight of his material. There is more indeed than this. It is not the artist who makes the work of art alone. It is the public—who can understand and sympathize, who can receive what he has to give—who complete the work of art. Without it, the picture, the statue, does not exist any more than a wireless message exists till someone has heard it, or a literature until someone has been able to read it. Background, such as you find in Paris, implies this other half of art—perhaps indeed is the other half. It is appreciation at its highest, almost an invitation to the artist to get to work. The new Exchange Market in Paris is illustrative of this appreciation all ready to hand. In it impecunious painters show their pictures to grocers and butchers and bakers and exchange them for bread and meat and wine. And your grocer and your butcher and your baker will gladly give the meat and drink for the pictures that they want, that indeed they consider a need. Thus here is an immense throng, all ready made for appreciation; no aristocracy of amateurs, but a general public all more or less with a need. More and more this capacity for appreciation strikes one in Paris. In the Cluny Museum is a Madonna of a distinctly German type. "Rather Gretchen-like," was the comment of a little French maid out for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a holiday, as naturally as though she were a professional art critic, noting down "influences". They know their history, too, in a real and vivid way. The little daughter of the concierge was asked which of his two wives Napoleon liked the better. To the general surprise she answered Marie Louise. And why? "Because she gave him a son," was the essentially French reply. The working-man will comment on Napoleon as though he had only just died. It is as real to him as is the long tradition of wars. The extraordinary stoicism of the French during the last war was the more remarkable when contrasted with the demeanors of other nations. There was something matter-of-fact about the Parisians under the attentions of Big Bertha, which made one feel how much it was in the blood. This also was part of their background. Their fathers had given them their stoicism. Thus the Paris background with all its myriad elements does carry the artist along in its strong current quite irresistibly, so that his own swimming really counts for all that it is worth, so that he has overcome the gravity of material instead of being impeded by the solid ground. This is one part played by background in the art of creation. There are others, some wholly advantageous, some hampering, deterring.

Where there is everything to choose, there is nothing to choose. The limitation of choice by background lends the mind profundity, since it becomes deep where it is prevented from being wide. Experiment here gives way largely to tradition, such as is instanced in the spaciousness of Paris. This spaciousness could be understood as applied to a show part of Paris, such as the Champs Elysées; but, held firmly in tradition by background, the Parisian hardly thinks whether his town shall be spacious or not. It is only a question of how spacious it shall be, and that even when he is dealing with quarters that in other cities are the step-children of the architect. His prisons, his asylums, his hospitals, have the same wide boulevards, beautifully tree-lined. The workmen's quarters themselves have none of the inutterable dinginess of London, the unkemptness of New York. In this wide spaciousness, whether materially in the buildings or spiritually in the attitude towards art, economy of means reaches perhaps its highest point. Spacing—it is already done by spacing,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the sense which not only produces a beautiful building, but captures its surroundings as well. And curiously this applies even in the mediæval feature of the courtyards. Perhaps more than anyone, the Parisian has discovered that confinement is the one means of appreciating space.

The background of Paris is indeed the rich soil in which things grow nearly of themselves. Fertilized by a thousand thoughts and happenings, it not only promotes growth as a matter of course, but in its depth and richness allows of secret growth, of that conception in the darkness through which alone life comes. Sheltered, hidden from the vulgar gaze, the embryo thought can gather strength until it can support the light of day. It is not withered at the start by the too fierce glare of publicity. Perhaps indeed the greatest thoughts have never been uttered, unable to bear the rough birth into words. The stillness, the quiet, the comfort, even, of background is perhaps the sole means of containing man's instinct for action, for facts instead of knowledge, for knowledge instead of wisdom, enabling him to bear the stress and suffering which thought implies. And with the deeper capacity for suffering goes also the capacity for enjoyment. Big things are not necessary for the enjoyment of the Parisian. His cafés with their blue siphons and yellow brioches; his Sunday walks; a visit from a friend as he sits in his little shop on Sunday afternoons and sells you quarter-pounds of coffee; his bottle of wine, his Sunday dinner, the little bird that he has bought or the gold-fish in a bowl; his pleasure in a new suit or the new hat of Madame; his visit to the theatre or a concert; his pride in Paris itself, almost as though he had built it—all this has the immense spontaneity and naturalness, such as, curiously, is rarely seen except in extreme youth. It makes for that French gaiety and humor which are the birthright of the people which has enabled them to bear for centuries the amazing suffering of the European conflicts and never lose their joy in living, which seems all the lighter and gayer for the solid background against which it deploys itself.

And the reverse side of background—the side which, together with the noble city, provides the horrible little box-like houses of the suburbs, the Parisian's little beloved ideal of country life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You have the terrible rustic arbors made of cement, the dark and dreary interiors of many a Paris house, the dreadful blue and yellow tiles which seem to belong to the period of the Tour Eiffel, the garish taste for artificial flowers and funeral pomp, the mausoleum of the salon. The Parisian's taste is as extremely bad as it is extremely good. His age-long thrift which sells oranges peeled in order to utilize the skins is cruelly extravagant of human life. Of modern aids, of light and cleanliness in the individual home, as opposed to general principles, he will have none. He has always done it; he will always do it. There is also his laborious bureaucracy, his passion for red-tape, the inverse quality of his love of little things. There are his beautiful manners, his exquisite turns of phrase, together with a talent for pushing and shoving which is over-developed. There is his tradition of the fine gesture, which sent his officers to battle in white kid gloves and which to-day makes an appeal to sentiment in a crowded tram effective, where mere common sense would fail.

Most of all there is his narrow nationalism. Here is his background, unsurpassed, wonderful. Here is his Paris, without doubt the most beautiful city on earth. Well, it is so. Why look any further? On the contrary, it is almost a disloyalty to look outside. Paris is self-sufficient, self-sufficing, the cynosure of every eye, the model for every other city. Even the Paris air —why of a truth it is not as other airs. But here again, these curious divergencies are something like the faults and irritating qualities of someone who is dead. We like to say of So-and-so. "He always *would* do this," and we say it affectionately, half humorously, just because at the time it annoyed us. We remember it more lovingly than the things which pleased, perhaps because it was more characteristic, more inexcusable. These are the impertinences of great things. Background indeed needs a certain amount of impertinence in all its solemn grandeur. There is a wonderful impertinence in blue and yellow tiles, within a stone's throw of the Sainte Chapelle; in the charming manners and turns of speech together with sudden fierce tempers of the moment. It illuminates the classic edifice of background into which the individual humanities have been built smoothly and impersonally; it makes possible the new thing. Background itself, as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a point of departure, makes the new thing possible, holds it down so that it may spring the more. It is like the formalism of French teaching, which holds in check till accumulated vigor bursts past it.

You cannot imitate the background of other people and retain the creative spirit, because by the imitation itself you are no longer single-minded. You cannot transplant a Latin Quarter, because by the very transplanting you are dealing rather with the physical than with the spiritual. As is its natural background—the composite, that is to say, of all its human, unconscious effort—so perhaps is the whole art of a nation; so also that fraction of a nation's being which one mind may contribute. We look at the depth and richness and inexhaustible suggestion of the Paris background; we are grateful for its stimulus, its inspiration. Only now and again do we realize that Roman and Frank and Gaul; Catholic and Huguenot; artist, priest and warrior; saint, martyr, philosopher, midinette, have really our energies in their grip and that, in the continuity of history, such creation as we can accomplish is their work, their inspiration—all but that infinitesimal fraction which is ourselves.

MURIEL HARRIS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS"

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

Strange are the things they say,
These strangers who, day after day,
Talk in our market place; their words are wild,
Yet mild
Their eyes, as those of men by dreams beguiled.

Sometimes my father stays to hear them there,
Holding me by the hand;—
I wonder why they care
So much to make us understand
About the God they worship as their own,
Whose face is graven on no precious stone,
Whose image never cut from any metal rare,
Who lives unseen, alone?
Surely that land
They came from must seem very cold and bare
Without these gracious forms my youth has known,
So many and so fair.

My father fashions very skillfully
Shrines of pure silver for the votaries
Of her who is the purest of all these,
And there her image stands;
But I can see
Her footprints any time beneath the trees,
Or in the stream's soft sands,
And often in the early morn
Her horn
Wakes the light echo that awakens me.—
These strangers tell
Of One who is too great to dwell
In any temple made with human hands;
And so is she
Too free.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I think I shall be glad when they
Have gone away
And I can quite forget their eyes,
That are so sad and deep
And seem to keep
Some secret of a world grown still and gray;—
Where the far music dies
That called so clear;
Where she may never come again so near
As she has come before,
Nor hang her shining symbol any more
Low in the western skies.

THE IDOL

EDWARD H. PFEIFFER

There was a temple in the golden east,
and when the toilsome web of day was spun,
men turned unto their idol, one by one,
and worshipped him with incense and with priest.
Once, in a twilight, when they turned to pray,
they found no idol on the altar-stone,
but still the incense burned, the priest alone
still prayed amid wild hearts and dumb dismay.
O love, although I cannot see thee now,
I worship still at thy deserted shrine.
Love's incense burns and still love's priest is heard.
I wait: Perhaps thy hand will make a sign.
I wait: Perhaps thy breath will kiss my brow.
I wait: Perhaps thy heart will speak a word.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POE IN CAROLINA

BY HERVEY ALLEN

I

ALCHEMY

Some souls are strangers in this bourne;
Beauty is born from such men's discontent;
Earth's grass and stones,
Her seas, her forests, and her air
Are seas and forests till they mirror on some pool
Unusually reflecting in an exile's mind,
Who tarries here protesting and alone;
And then they get strange shapes from memories of other stars
The banished knew, or spheres he dreams will be.
Thus is the five-fold vision of the earth recast
By ghostly alchemy.

But there are favored spots
Where all earth's moods conspire to make a show
Of things to be transmuted into beauty
By alchemic minds.
Such is this island beach where Poe once walked,[1]
And heard the melic throbbing of the sea,
With muffled sound of harbor bells—
Bells—he loved bells!
And here are drifting ghosts of city chimes
Come over water through the evening mist,
Like knells from death-ships off the coast of spectral lands.

I think some dusk their metal voices
Yet will call him back
To walk upon this magic beach again,
While Grief holds carnival upon the harbor bar.

[1] During the winter of 1828–29, Poe was stationed, while serving in the army, as a soldier at Fort Moultrie, Sullivan's Island, S. C. While there he read Moore, wrote part of *Al Aaraaf*, and found the strange beetle which suggested the story of the *Gold Bug*, the scene of which is laid on the island.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Heralded by ravens from another air,
The master will pass, pacing here,
Wrapped in a cape dark as the unborn moon.
There will be lightning underneath a star;
And he will speak to me
Of archipelagoes forgot,
Atolls in sailless seas, where dreams have married thought.

II

SULLIVAN'S ISLAND

Once all the ancient woodlands of this coast
For you held ghouls and melancholy ghosts—
That year
You walked by the dank tarns of Auber
And dreamed in these regions of Weir.
For you, among these myrtles drab,
Sounded the weird pipes of Syrinx.
One midnight, when a sphinx
Showed you the living scarab
With death's face, we call the goldbug,
And with head against drear breast
You drank strange milk cold from her demon's dug,
This was the place.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1822–1922

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

In the woods that skirt the Arno near Florence, Shelley, striving with the West Wind "in his sore need", uttered his prayer:

> Make me thy lyre even as the forest is.
>
> . . .
>
> Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
> Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth;
> And, by the incantation of this verse,
> Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
> Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
> Be through my lips to unawakened earth
> The trumpet of a prophecy!

Three years later, he was drowned in the Bay of Spezia. Since then, a hundred years have passed. Has his prayer been answered?

There is no longer any question about the incantation of his verse. He is everywhere acclaimed either as the supreme lyrical voice of England or as sharing that honor with Keats. But it was not enough to Shelley that he should sing like a bird, though he envied the lark his song of pure joy. His desire was centred in his thought; his prayer was that through his lips should blow the trumpet of a prophecy.

Ten years after his death, when Browning celebrated him in *Pauline* as the "Sun-Treader" who had been the inspiration of his youth, he believed Shelley's fame to be secure; as indeed it was. His detractors had been so far silenced that no respectable English review would ever say again that "his life was a disgrace to humanity and his poetry a blot upon literature". Yet a century of controversy had scarcely begun; and even to-day,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concerning the quality of his genius and the ultimate value of his prophecy, Shelleyan criticism is a confusion of tongues.

Among those who unite in praise of his singing-power, one critic is carried away by his intellectual quality, while another rejoices that his songs of emotion and feeling are unburdened by any thought whatever; to one he is morally unsound, while another finds "his gossamer world infused with the strength of his heroic conscience"; one calls him a poet of illusions, while another praises his unique faculty for truth; one finds him altogether a mist of abstractions, while to another the chief merit of his verse is its presentation of thoughts in definite, clear-cut images.

Perhaps there will always be those who agree with Matthew Arnold that Shelley's poetry lacks substance; that it is vague and remote from life; that it is not quite sane because Shelley was not quite sane; that he is "a beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain". And there will always be those who agree with Mr. Santayana that he has a great subject-matter and a real humanity; that, far from being remote from life, his poetry is an inspired contribution to life itself; that in glorifying his own nature he glorified "the purest, tenderest, richest, most rational nature ever poured forth in verse".

It is difficult to measure the effect of Shelley's reassertion of the hopes and aspirations which, after the French Revolution, were crushed in England, but were gathered up into his song, transmuted by his genius, and lifted on wings of flame. He has been the inspiration of poets from Landor to Mr. Woodberry; and more than half a century ago it was asserted that, while critics were disagreeing, the workingmen of England had accepted him as their poet. Apart from these very different lines of influence, one detects a change of attitude among the critics as one follows them down through the century. One finds an increasing tendency to respect Shelley's ideas and to regard not only his music but his meaning with approval. More and more it is recognized that his contribution to life is a gift of matchless lyrics, and something more. There has been a gradual approach, by tortuous ways, to the kind of appreciation Shelley desired.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perhaps it is because, as someone has said, we are all revolutionists of one kind or another to-day—in feeling, not in politics—that writers are dropping the old apologetic attitude toward the things Shelley really cared about and declaring that the ideal of *Prometheus Unbound* and *Hellas* is "the noblest ideal of the modern world" and "the hope of all thinking men". Perhaps it is because we are in such need of a spiritual vision that shall recall the disillusioned mind to a sense of the majesty of life, that Shelley's belief in a world redeemed by perfect love and universal sympathy is acquiring a new value.

It is true that Leslie Stephen's opinion in 1909 that the goal of Shelley's ideal world is barbarism—complete lawlessness in man and nature—scarcely differs from that of *The National Review*, in 1820, that it is "nothing else than absolute raving". It is true that Francis Thompson, writing with a poet's sympathy his marvelous essay, peeps over the wild masque of revolutionary metaphysics and sees the face of a child; while to Mr. Irving Babbitt, who grants him the conciliatory title of "romantic Hellenist", he is the type of all that is most pernicious in romanticism; for anyone who could write

> My soul is an enchanted boat
> Which like a sleeping swan doth float
> Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing,

must be abandoned to impulse and unacquainted with the "inner check". Mr. Babbitt surmises that if anyone cares for Shelley as much at forty as he did at twenty, he has simply never grown up. But let that pass. We have to oppose to these conceptions the more and more prevalent opinion that the essence of Shelley's genius is its moral quality; that his hope for humanity, having been given new meaning by the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution, is "an exact symbol of what yet may be, despite fearful lapses".

In this year of his centenary, Shelley has been hailed as a prophet of the twentieth century. So far, the century seems not to have merited so optimistic a eulogy. By another critic—and both are Americans—it has been questioned whether he means anything to us outside of the classroom. This question is pertinent not to Shelley alone but to all poetry except our own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

special variety. The poetry that is popular among us to-day boasts of being "unrelated"; of giving an impression, a picture, or a story unrelated to any philosophy or religion or to any ideas whatever. We would not decry any style of poetry so long as it is sincere. But Shelley's is related to everything in heaven and earth—to everything within the reach of an intellect at once receptive and speculative and a soaring, creative imagination.

What then is our predicament! A poet who might for his ideas be to us a prophet of the future is so far removed by the quality of his poetry that we must question whether he is anything more than a school room idol!

We have little interest in Utopias at the present time. And we have so far accepted the idea of government as a means of social progress that we have little interest in philosophical anarchy. But neither Utopias nor philosophical anarchy are essential to Shelley's idealism. The intellectual formulæ which he took up from Godwin and others became something quite different in his hands. He would be called neither anarchist nor atheist to-day. To the Communists he would be hostile. Whatever doctrines appealed to him in his youth were transformed as his character grew into that full-grown but still youthful personality which he glorified in his verse.

Shelley was a reformer before he was a poet. His desired reforms are interesting chiefly as they reveal his nature; yet it is interesting to know how many of them have been accomplished. They show him rather as a prophetic advocate of social ethics than as a wild anarchist. He advocated them in his early pamphlets and open letters and in an unfinished treatise entitled *A Philosophical View of Reform* written years later in Italy and published for the first time only a few months ago.

It is not necessary to recall how hopeless such reforms seemed in those days of political repression, when England was suffering from a Tory reign of terror; when a word against the Government was regarded as treason; when civil liberties were confined to the Church of England; when there was no representation in Parliament of the large manufacturing cities, and the workers were in absolute misery. Of the international situation, Shelley himself, the "vague", the "abstract", the "visionary", has given

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some excellent accounts in his odes *To Liberty* and *To Naples*; and in his description of Napoleon in *The Triumph of Life* he summed up in two amazing lines many chapters of history:—Napoleon

> Who left the giant world so weak
> That every pigmy kicked it as it lay.

If Shelley's ideas of parliamentary reform and religious liberty were not original, the impetuous ardor with which he championed the cause of democratic principles was all his own. At the age of nineteen, when he ought to have been entering upon his second year at Oxford, having been expelled for attempting to shake the foundations of current beliefs, he was in Dublin with his wife and sister-in-law, bent upon reforming the human race with Ireland as the propitious starting-point. He had already begun to suffer from those strange paroxysms of pain to which he was always subject; and, convinced that he was doomed to an early death, he had resolved to lose no time in contributing "his mite to the treasury of wisdom and knowledge". First of all, he would "awaken a noble nation from the lethargy of its bondage".

It is a striking picture—the young aristocrat, with his fair skin and soft, flowing hair, his deep blue eyes now wild with excitement, now subdued in meditation, his tall, supple figure, his small head bent forward eagerly on broad, masculine shoulders, his sensitive, changing expression. Suddenly, in the corruption and poverty of Ireland, he rises up to show to oppressors and oppressed alike the way to virtue and liberty. One has only to read his proclamations to the Irish people to realize the nobleness and the folly of the ardent youth. He soon discovered that "more people hated him as an advocate of free thought than loved him as a votary of freedom". He turned about and faced the facts, as he always did after his flights of enthusiasm, acknowledged that he had been "premature", and returned to England.

It is easy to smile at all this and to see why the authorities did not trouble themselves to arrest the young heir to a baronetcy. Yet the reforms he advocated were brought about a few years later, and in the very manner he proposed. At that early age

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he saw more clearly than did any English statesman the evils and dangers of the industrial revolution. He was often fierce and inconsistent, and intolerant of intolerance. Sympathy and rebellion were in conflict, but it was his nature to love, and sympathy conquered. He "shuddered to think that for the very roof over his head he was indebted to the selfishness of man". He refused a generous income a few years later on the condition that he should entail the estate and continued to struggle with his debts rather than risk the danger that his fortune might be spent for the detriment rather than for the benefit of his fellowmen. The stories of his charities are well-known, and his readiness to give away his money and mortgage his expectations to pay the debts and further the projects of his friends.

Keats once advised Shelley to curb his magnanimity and become more of an artist. He made rapid progress at becoming more of an artist, but he never curbed his magnanimity; and even in those last years in Italy, the one comparatively peaceful period of his life, his thoughts still mingled in the turmoil. In 1819, the great year of the *Prometheus* and *The Cenci*, he sent to England *The Masque of Anarchy*, a poem which could not safely be published, in which he defined what he meant by liberty. To the Lake Poets, who had once believed in Godwin's doctrines, liberty now meant, above all things, the preservation of England and English institutions. Not so to the exile in Italy:

> To the labourer thou art bread
> And a comely table spread
> From his daily labour come
> To a neat and happy home.

Freedom meant clothes and fire and food, justice, wisdom, peace. It meant science, thought, and poetry in the cottages of the laborer; it meant gentleness and patience. It did not mean the overthrow of governments but it meant radical changes. Though he continued to cherish the dream that emancipated human beings might be a law unto themselves, he more and more saw that Time, the hoary monster against which he inveighed, stood in the way. "Equality of possessions," he maintained, "must be the last result of the utmost refinements of civilization." In the Prologue to *Hellas*, anarchy is the first evil that Satan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pours from his phial of tears, wherefore mankind, thinking the fruits of liberty are ripe for his plucking, gathers up ashes. He believed that "oppressors have placed a mine of unexploded mischief under the foundations of society".

His ideas and projects, developed into the mighty themes of his poetry, reveal the nature of the poet who was always inspired by a passion for humanity and who, when he had accepted the rôle of poet instead of reformer, consoled himself by the belief that "the poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world".

In one sense Shelley was full-grown at birth and unteachable. In another sense he is a remarkable example of the development of a modern mind, growing by what it feeds on. The central impulse that moved him was always the same, so that through the complexities of his life there is a singular simplicity of motive. And he could never learn by any experience but his own; to that extent he was unteachable. But the growth in character between the disappointed lover who paced a churchyard all night and the man who sat for sixty consecutive hours beside his dying child, and the growth in ideas between the author of *The Necessity of Atheism* and *A Defence of Poetry*, are as remarkable as the increase of his poetical power from *Queen Mab* to *Adonais*. It is almost impossible to remember how young he was at the end. Because his intellect and will began to express themselves when he was a mere boy, and because experience crowded upon him, swift and relentless, driving him from place to place and from project to project, from hopes destroyed to hopes new-born, it is difficult to remember in what narrow limits of time the whole conflict was confined.

To understand the development of his ideas one ought to follow his reading; and few people can compass in a long lifetime the books he read and reread and translated in his brief years. His habit was to rise early and go directly to books. He devoured the pages. He was independent of regular meals, was content to munch bread and raisins, and declared that "a pudding was a prejudice". Fascinated as a child by weird and romantic tales, addicted to thrilling experiments with chemicals and electricity, his inquiring mind was attracted by Godwin's *Political Justice*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and turned from penny-dreadfuls to serious reflection. At Oxford, where, according to Hogg, he lived an almost ascetic life, he went to the sources of Godwin, the French Encyclopædists. He read the philosophers, ancient and modern, from inclination, and the historians from a sense of duty. He read poetry continually, wherever he was—in Latin, Greek, German, French, Italian and Spanish as well as English. Homer and the Greek tragedians were his constant companions, along with Milton, Spenser, Shakespeare, the Bible, Goethe, Calderon, Petrarch and Dante. Entirely self-taught, he worked his way from Godwin to Plato, from Monk Lewis to Dante. When he lost sympathy with the Lake Poets, he continued to praise their poetry, including them with Byron. He was drowned with a copy of Sophocles and the poems of Keats in his pockets.

We find him at an early age in the mountains of Wales with a volume of Erasmus Darwin in his hand. The grandfather of the great Darwin was a minor scientist and a minor poet. But he announced as positively as did the author of *The Origin of Species* that the world was not created but evolved; and his conclusion that this truth only increased his reverence for the great First Cause must have made an impression upon the youthful poet whose earliest pre-occupation was with science, yet who, not long before, was spending "three days thinking about death and heaven".

He cared little for comedy, at least in his early years. He was too intense, too deeply grieved over the imperfections of life. His sense of humor developed later than his other faculties, but a lively sense of fun he always had. He cared for serious books, just as he preferred serious discussions to jokes and banter. Yet he would burst into gales of laughter. He was the best of companions, a master of the art of conversation, the friend of children; and his pleasure in boats was an unfailing enthusiasm, whether he made them of paper and sailed on them in imagination or pulled at the oars on the Thames or the Arno, or floated on that fatal sea which nobody else has reproduced in such living forms.

As surely as he turned to books for pleasure he turned away from them before the day was over to explore the woods or to seek the nearest water; and most of his poems were com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posed in the open air. His physical endurance was the amazement of his friends. He could outwalk them all. He was absolutely fearless. He was bold, strong-willed, a leader among his companions. The energetic Byron was a child beside him, we are told, and the brave buccaneer Trelawney followed him like a lamb. "I always go on till I am stopped," he once said, "and I never am stopped." Leopardi called him a Titan in a virgin's form. As we see him out of doors in the pages of his biographers he seems more like a well-knit athlete than like either a virgin or an angel. He learned not only from books and nature, but from his own life. His biography has been written many times, but it is all in his poems. Whatever he lived through remained with him as a present and vivid reality, to heighten his ecstasy or sharpen his pain. On the other hand, if his poems had been destroyed, his life would be full of interest. It would be impossible to dismiss it with the calm judgment of Stopford Brooke that it was lived in accurate morality after the troubles of his youth had passed. As the events of his life follow one another, revealing his vivid personality, one always wants to know more about a creature who, with every nerve tingling to sensations, is forever attempting to live in an ideal world.

Shelley once wrote to Southey: "I can never be a party to allowing my private affairs or those of others to become the subject of public discussion." But he could not save himself. For a quarter of a century, English criticism, as Sir Sidney Colvin says, was chiefly occupied with "chatter about Harriet". Shelley could not save himself from the Nemesis of those who would live equal with the gods.

Although the story of his life is full of humorous incidents, of absurd contrasts and incongruities, fundamentally it is a tragedy. It is a tragedy of conflict between a lofty soul and external circumstances, call them Fate, or Destiny, or the England of George III and the Regency, or the inevitable limitations of life. More than that, as in all real tragedy, there is a further conflict in the soul of the protagonist. His death by drowning was nothing more than an ordinary accident; yet it becomes significant, in the light of our knowledge, like the inevitable ending of a tragic drama.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shelley's character and actions have been endlessly discussed and never satisfactorily explained. To generalize about him is almost as dangerous as to generalize about his poetry, for no statement quite fits the facts. He will remain, I believe, as mysterious and as fascinating as Hamlet. The comparison with Hamlet is not entirely haphazard. There are many similarities between them. Perhaps Shelley's creator did not quite succeed, as we have been told Hamlet's did not, in amalgamating the plot and the character. The plot is a very old one; Shelley was a totally new creation. Being what he was, it is inconceivable that he should have said and done some of the things in the record. Was it that his creator was not perfect master of his material? Or will there always remain, in the greatest characters of both life and art, an element of irreducible mystery?

Shelley began his poetry as he began his life by attempting the impossible. When he was writing *Queen Mab* at the age of twenty he wrote to a publisher: "The Past, the Present, and the Future are the grand and comprehensive topics of this poem. I have not yet half exhausted the second of them." He had no background of historical knowledge at the time and no ideas of his own about the future. Except for an occasional flight of the poet and future Platonist who is beginning to try his wings, it is only a metrical version of Godwin's transcriptions of Revolutionary philosophy; although the mistake of regarding human motives as pure and attributing the evils of the world to the restraints and misdirections of institutions was characteristic of the natural bent of Shelley's mind in his troubled youth.

Five years later, when he had experimented in action with ideas which to Godwin were only theories; when he had lived through the most bitter of his experiences, he wrote the second of his longer poems, *Laon and Cythna, or The Revolt of Islam*. The difference between *Queen Mab* and *The Revolt of Islam* is the difference between a chart which might have been colored by some youthful Turner and an early but original canvas by the same artist. Yet he is still attempting something beyond his powers. The story, in Spenserian stanzas, of such a hero as he thinks a modern knight should be and a heroine who is the hero's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

equal, is not easy to follow and has little reality. It is neither a plain tale convincingly told like *Julian and Maddalo*, nor a symbolic myth like *Prometheus Unbound*. Its command of verse and wealth of imagery make it impossible to say that the poet is feeling his way. Shelley never felt his way. He made his swift flights and fell below his goal. Then he gathered his strength together for another flight.

The Revolt of Islam goes far beyond Godwin in making its hero and heroine suffer martyrdom. And it no longer represents evil as external to man's nature. Good and evil are in conflict, as symbolized by the struggle of the eagle and the snake. Shelley still believed that man by his own will could eradicate evil. But he had learned that the world is not to be so easily reformed as he had imagined. And he had begun to question his own perfection. He had begun to wonder how far his conduct and opinions had rendered ineffective his zeal for interesting and improving mankind.

In *Prometheus Unbound*, Shelley again attempted the impossible; but this time he succeeded. To compose a drama which should be sustained on the heights of lyrical ecstasy is, by all precedent, impossible. And judged by the laws of a drama of action, the *Prometheus* of course fails. But it is not a drama of action. It is a myth in which the poet's dream of the regeneration of mankind is represented as accomplished in one fated hour, to symbolize what is conceived of as happening in the long process of the ages. The fall of Jupiter is the fall of orthodox Christianity with its train of evils, and the triumph of Prometheus is the triumph of the true spirit of Christ. Prometheus, who represents humanity, has suffered and endured until he is able to forgive his greatest enemy. Then is Love triumphant through the worlds, and the emanations of the mind, together with the earth and the moon and all living creatures, rejoice in the bliss of freedom. Man has become the king over himself, just, gentle, wise, not passionless but free from guilt or pain, only not free from death and mutability, without which he might oversoar

> The loftiest star of unascended heaven
> Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nothing in such a dream is to be taken literally. Shelley did not aspire to live in an intense inane; he exalts neither wanton license nor passionless perfection. Every idealist who has grasped in imagination a world made perfect by love, and by a love that shall control even the forces of nature in the service of humanity, has pictured something unreal to those of us who are "chained to Time".

In the *Prometheus*, the poet's power of imagination, his sense of a pervading spirit of life, his passion for perfection, have united to create an elemental world. Its creatures are more than abstractions. They are suffering, thinking, exulting beings, sublimated and etherialized—the elements rather than the forms of actual life. It is a poem which the imagination of the Greeks would have grasped more easily than does ours. The Hellenist in Shelley has triumphed over the reformer and the romanticist.

Unless one understands Shelley's fundamental thought and purpose one misses the beauty of the most exalted lyrics in the *Prometheus*, even of the most beautiful of all:

> Life of life, thy lips enkindle
> With their love the breath between them.

If there seems to be too much regard for the bliss of lovers in this ideal world, that is because Shelley was always trying to spiritualize what seemed to him the highest impulses of human nature and to seek for the ultimate unity of love and beauty and goodness. And we are constantly brought back to the pre-occupations of his heroic conscience:

> To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death and night;
> To defy power which seems omnipotent;
> To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> Neither to change nor falter nor repent.

In the last year of his life, when he wrote his other lyrical drama, *Hellas*, at the news of the uprising in Greece, Shelley had become more interested in partial realizations of his hopes. He had more than once praised the United States of America as one of them. Now he is more anxious that England shall go to the aid

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Greece than that she shall disband her standing army in order to destroy at a stroke, as he once advocated, the horrors of war. While he still holds to his ideal, he has gone far from the easy solution of things in *Queen Mab*. In *Hellas*, as in *Adonais*, he rests his hope in the eternity of thought. Still raising the standard of freedom, his song again ranges through the past, the present and the future, but with such a different power that one must count *Queen Mab* and *The Revolt of Islam* as mere juvenilia in comparison.

Worlds on worlds are ever rolling
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.
But they are still immortal
Who, through birth's orient portal
And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,
Clothe their unceasing flight
In the brief dust and light
Gathered around their chariots as they go.

Now the Prometheus of suffering humanity is Christ, though he does not bring a millennium. Destruction follows the Cross, while

Our hills and streams
Dispeopled of their dreams
Wail for the golden years;

yet the spirit of both Christ and Socrates shall return and Athens shall be reborn.

The world's great age begins anew
The golden years return,—

not literally but in the realm of thought.

If Greece must be
A wreck, yet shall its fragments reassemble
And build themselves impregnably
In a diviner clime,
To Amphionic music, on some cape sublime
That frowns above the idle foam of time.

These are the poems which most truly represent Shelley's genius, although his personal lyrics let us into his more emotional

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moods. Half way between them are the two dirges for poets, *Alastor* and *Adonais*.

Alastor is the earliest of his poems in which the true Shelley soars and sings; *Adonais*, written near the end of his life, has been called with some justice his masterpiece. To compare one with the other is to perceive how his hold upon reality grew with experience and the practice of his art. *Alastor* is the outcry of a spirit against the limitations of life. It is the idealized story of one who was born to pursue a dream and clasp a shadow, yet to whom "it seemed better to die obedient to the light within him than to live the life of those who are morally dead"; and between these extremes Shelley saw no compromise. In the *Adonais* this intense striving and despair have given place to a mood of calm exaltation. It celebrates the death of Keats, but it goes far beyond any concrete subject to dwell upon the mysteries of life and death. Abstract thoughts are clothed in living images, images are woven together in a sustained harmony that rises higher and higher as the poet's bark is driven farther from the shore of reality and sails fearlessly on the wings of faith into the unknown. Metaphysical speculation has given place to religion —the religion that bows reverently before the unknowable and accepts with faith the union of the soul with the Eternal. It is no swift flight of lyric ecstasy; it is the swelling of strain after strain of solemn music, each one more charged than the last with "immortal longings", until the benediction of sustaining Love descends in the great climax.

Shelley's genius expressed itself in so many different forms that to give any account of his poems in their relation to his life and character is a large task. If you attempt to put even his short lyrics into categories you hear Shelley saying, in one of his swift images,

> Bright reason will mock thee
> Like the sun from a wintry sky.

His personal lyrics are songs of joy and despair, of triumph and defeat; but they are lifted above the pain that often drags upon the poet's spirit by the beauty of their music. Different as they are,—impossible as it is to catch them and chain them with epithets,—they are the expression of one who, "born to desire more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than any understand," was yet able "to hope till hope creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates".

We have been told within a few months by the editors of two leading English reviews that our greatest need at the present time is a poetical interpretation of life, a poetical interpretation of religion; that we have exaggerated the importance of government on the one hand and of dogma on the other; that the historical interpretation of religion must give way to a belief in the spirit of Christ in its lasting, its poetical significance; and that in that alone lies our hope of an enlightened democracy.

Would these men look for guidance to a poet who defied both Church and State, who was a disobedient son, an insubordinate student, a breaker of the marriage vow, an advocate of free love and a vegetarian diet,—one who soared aloft on dreams of man made perfect and disregarded the restraints mankind has placed about his known weaknesses,—a visionary poet with his head among the stars and his feet stumbling along the rocky paths of earth? One who could call himself

> A pard-like spirit beautiful and swift,

and yet cry out, "I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!"—what light can such a poet have for an age like ours?—one moreover who delights in abstract ideas and etherialized emotions, piling his images one upon another till the mind pants in pursuing them?

Yet where shall one look for a more exalted hope or a more sincere expression of the religion that is poetically divined?

> The One remains, the many change and pass;
> Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
> Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of Eternity.

Shelley does not paint all the colors of that fragile dome. We shall not look to him for life in action, but for life in thought and feeling; for refinements of thought and feeling, but the refinements not of a mind overshadowed by a degenerate world-weariness, but of an intellect that retained the unworldly simplicity of a free and open nature—"one of the few persons who can literally be said to love their kind."

Shelley combines a mystic's faith with the humanitarian in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stincts of our time. Nor is there anything in his treatment of nature that is out of harmony with modern knowledge. He did not, like other romantic poets, tame nature to his own uses. He described natural processes in symbolic images that are true for all ages. He did not believe that nature can teach or science prove the existence of God, but he had faith in

> That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
> That Beauty in which all things work and move,
> That Benediction which the eclipsing curse
> Of birth can quench not; that sustaining Love
> Which, through the web of being blindly wove
> By man and beast and earth and sea,
> Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
> The fire for which all thirst.

Our age cannot afford to neglect "the waters of wisdom and delight" that flow from Shelley's poetry, nor content ourselves with the few draughts that are diverted into anthologies. What he says of all poetry is peculiarly true of his own: "It compels us to feel that which we perceive and to imagine that which we know. It creates anew the universe."

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"DARK, MANY-TOWERED BOLOGNA"

BY VERNON LEE

Sorge nel chiaro inverno la fosca, turrita Bologna.—Carducci

ONCE or twice wandering about Bologna while my friends were at the Congress of Philosophers, I caught a glimpse . . . (or was it rather one of those sounds whose hearing is partly one of expectation?)—I caught, shall we say, the ghost of a mood; almost an emotion of forty years ago.

Forty years ago we used to come, pushed by my childish Machiavellian machinations, to Bologna on our way from the North to Rome. For Bologna seen between trains during a summer journey had become one of those places which exist only in childhood where, in virtue of some one thing acquiring a supernatural value, all the most ordinary circumstances of life come to partake of its magic; or rather as, under some summer full moon, just such a town as this, of its pleasure. At Bologna the wonder-working objects (like the ring you turn or the lamp you rub in fairy tales) were those gaunt rooms of the Music School whence issued for the earthly ear piano scales, fiddle exercises and vocal *arpeggi* of doubtful accuracy; but which, the walls being hung with the portraits of seventeenth and eighteenth century musicians, were filled for the ear of my childish fancy with their unheard music, or at least with their music's charm. Long afterward I was taken by my hospitable Contessa Carmelita to a concert in the hall where these portraits mostly hang. And while, alas, unable to see them otherwise than as lamentably ugly or unintentionally funny pictures, I swear that none of the music, however excellent, which I listened to with ears of the flesh in that or indeed any other place, has ever been a patch upon that silent music, or, as I have just said, music's fascination (for there were neither consecutive sounds nor combined ones, nor anything save my own musical emotion) of all those years ago.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is a very curious experience, this catching the tail of an emotion of long ago. It is like what happens when by some trick of associative memory or of unconscious interpretation you suddenly smell lemon flowers, or wine-vats, or some more personal perfume in places where there is no trace of any such things. In the case of emotion such as this old, old one of Bologna, what stands for the London street, where there can evidently be neither lemon trees nor wine-vats, is your own elderly blasé self to whom red-brick battlements and Renaissance carved lintels and eighteenth century bobwigged portraits have become mere ordinary prosaic facts; and in whom, nevertheless, there suddenly arises the thrill of rareness and mystery which they once awoke, brief like the briefest lightning flash wherein one recognizes, in some inscrutable manner, that one is not one's present self, but that child of long years past.

They have restored churches and palaces in Bologna, Rubbiani and sundry other of my archæological acquaintances; and rebuilt or disengaged the Ghibelline battlements, like wild tulip petals, of the House of King Enzo, son of Barbarossa. But at the base of the two leaning towers there no longer hang those great basins and pudding-moulds and ewers and platters and pitchers which were more resplendent in their delicate copper rosiness and brass yellow, and in a way more mediæval almost, than any knight's armor in the town museum. And on the closed shutters of those venerable booths I read a printed notice: "The Coppersmiths Ildebrando and Oliviero inform their customers of their removal to a shop alongside the new market building." The new market building, cast iron and disinfectants, excellent modern products. But think that the predecessors of Ildebrando and Oliviero (fit names for the last of a chivalrous line!), or at least their copper-wares, had looked for seven centuries up the steep slanting sides of those two watch towers; and had been there, no doubt, when Dante also looked up at the clouds passing atop of them, and made a mental note of the simile for his Giant Hunters in Hell.

One of my haunts at Bologna was the Seven Churches round San Stefano. Seven they are called, though they seem far more numerous; a maze of low tin-roofed basilicas, chapels, crypts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and shrines, cloisters also, and damp monastic yards under belfries and mysterious corridors, with graves and tabernacles tucked away in them; barracco *Gesù Mortos* shelved where you expect only broken chairs and derelict besoms, and the Three Kings, huge black Gothic chessmen, frightening you as you come suddenly up against them, with their goggle stare. Sanctuaries of all kinds, and one within the other, smelling of bats and rats, in which I also seemed to breathe the pent-up centuries. Or is it that what we call "the centuries" *are* those places themselves, those low basilical roofs, those squat Romanesque arches, those reticulated walls; and is it on the contrary our fancy and feeling which they enclose to grope among strange altars and horned sarcophagi and tinsel Madonnas and carved apocalyptic beasts and yellow tapers guttering upon paper flowers? For in these Seven Churches and their purlieus there returned to my mind the suspicion that what we think of and feel as the Past, as the Religion and History of Other Days, is in many cases only the buildings and sepulchres they have left behind; our emotion being in reality only artistic, due to lines and curves and lights and shadows, and echoing steps, the result of a *mise-en-scene* only the more subtly theatrical that it is accidental.

These Seven Churches, and especially the Templar's Church called House of Pilate, are such a *mise-en-scene* as Wagner aimed at creating in his *Parsifal*. The Bayreuth Grail Church attempts to make us feel as we did in that marvelous little circular church, with the great altar, sepulchre, ambones; one knows not what to call that mysterious symbolical edifice within an edifice, which looms with its crucifix and flights of steps and votive lights under that flat Byzantine dome. It is, this House of Pilate, a place of indescribable mystery and awe, compared with which Wagner's Grail music is scarcely less futile a sham than his cardboard architecture. It is a place whose appropriate sounds would not be plain-chants even, however archaic, but mutterings and wailings and solitary footfalls; a building which has the shuddering nightmare quality of the moments before a wintry dawn.

There are not many such places as these Seven Churches,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even in Italy. The Renaissance swept them away; and, even if only with Jesuitic plaster and whitewash and frescoed perspectives, brought light and space and air everywhere. And one must go to Flanders and Germany to find them tucked away, dark corners, labyrinthine chapels and Gethsemanes, for bruised souls clinging to darkness.

When I had, as I thought, done with all this hive of hidden sanctuaries, I came, turning a corner, to yet another little black chapel. And in it an old beldame insisted on unlocking the "Sacred House of Loreto," as she called it, and telling me its unintelligible story. It seemed a narrow space behind an altar, where she set down a taper in a niche and, turning a handle and rolling back a shutter, displayed a black Madonna cocooned, in brocade, her star-crowned head barely emerging in puce and tinsel farthingale.

While looking at her I remembered that outside one of these same Seven Churches there is, let into the wall, and above a great horned stone coffin at the street corner, a Roman tablet, finely lettered with *Dominæ Isidi Victricii.* Is not the subterranean worship of the Nile goddess still hidden in those churches and crypts and cloisters? May it not be the loin-cloth of ever-murdered, ever-resuscitating Osiris which hangs vague and white over the arms of the cross on that stair-cased sepulchral altar, under the dome of Pilate's House? And that black swaddled Madonna behind the shutters thrown open by the crone with her wax-dip, is not she perhaps the Victorious Lady?

Churches like these Seven Churches of Bologna (and probably whatever temples the subterranean cults of ancient times possessed) seem like the lairs, the hidden resting-places, where mankind has cowered in silence and darkness with its broken limbs and sores and fever visions, resting and healing itself between the real miseries of this world and the imagined terrors of the next.

How one does enjoy those fifteenth century Bolognese painters, mediocre to a man, after the over-gifted, over-strenuous Tuscans! They have the romantic, in a sense Spenserian, quality of mediæval poetry, and its preference for very young, almost childish, heroes in beautiful clothes. When one sees all these lovely beardless St. Sebastians and St. Georges, and even the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wicked Roman Emperors presiding over St. Cecilia's martyrdom, even the executioners heating the furnaces all so many curly Aucassins ready for Nicolettes, one wonders what the mentality of this provincial Renaissance can really have been. And only the more if one has been looking at the local tyrants, the family Bentivoglio portrayed by Costa in their own chapel, the rarest lot of half-fledged ruffians round a father looking like a renegade pirate.

Towards sunset there came a long and heavy shower.

The steps one goes down to the House of Pilate church and the little paved hole in which it stands deep below the level of the present city, were muddy and full of pools. The church itself was dark but for what came from the ill-lighted cloister within; and the great altar with its stairs and balconies, its look of being a temple, and a triumphal stage, and yet at the same time a pillory of some sort, loomed white in the dusk. At its foot, in an embrasure, flickered the only lamp, a glass cup with a night-light, flat on the marble slab. There, I felt, was *It*. *It*. What? The something whose white drapery hangs limp like a corpse over the arms of the cross on the top of that church inside a church. The whole place was full of *It*: *It*, a vague terror and sorrow.

But what frightened me was none of all this, but just a human being, a man, perhaps a tourist, standing still in the dusk before the altar. The sight of him almost made my heart stop. That is what much of religion must have been for primeval man; and this little Templar's church (or whatever in Italy takes the place of such) seems to be oozing with the mysteries of times long before Christianity, or even Paganism, was; the terror and sorrows of a nether world and of a nethermost soul.

The rain had stopped when I came out; and the sunset made the bricks of San Giacomo very rosy and lovely and put delicate shades upon the colored walls and white colonnades. And against the pure washed sky I noticed for the first time that the two leaning towers, which one thinks of as frowning dark, are really of an unsubstantial rose-color, weathered lilac, a color like that of the leafless woods on the Apennines above Bologna, bare just now, but already quickening under their delicate bark.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I sat for a long while, waiting for the rain to stop, in San Giovanni in Monte, where Raphael's St. Cecilia still hung when Dr. Burney visited Bologna in 1770. This church also was dark; but the round windows with Cossa's fine John on Patmos was like a set out of jewels, colored, luminous, blazing.

A few people came in. It is extraordinary how soothing and solemn an empty church becomes at this hour: the worshippers felt rather than seen, their poor personalities obliterated, themselves turned into the mere shadowy embodiment of the sadness and hope and fear and consolation one imagines them to bring and to carry away.

Again, at evening in those Seven Churches, their very names, *Atrio di Pilato* or *San Sepolcro*, wonderful; all those innumerable nooks and corners and gratings with a shrine, a Dead Christ, a Mater Dolorosa, something mysteriously suffering, hidden away. And in the little cloister with damp-green pavement in the shadow of the high walls and the belfry, you come upon a column with Peter's Cock; no barn-door fowl, but a sort of bird-divinity, like the winged sphinxes and sirens which the ancients set on pillars at Delphi and elsewhere. That nightlight at the foot of the great balustrade and staircased altar between the symbolic ox and eagle of the Evangelists, flickered in its marble embrasure, lighting the side of the time-polished slabs as a fire with its last flare might do at midnight.

As I was returning from my last regretful look round Bologna, there suddenly came, from the beautiful tulip-shaped belfry of San Pietro, a volley of bells, and (the most unexpected occurrence in Italy) actually *chimes*.

Their sound seemed to add to my old, or rather my childish, love of Bologna my more recent love of Oxford; the emotion special to that aristocratic swept and garnished English Past enhancing the emotion inspired by this Lombard city, so venerable but still so nobly alive.

VERNON LEE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ENGLISH SENTIMENTALISTS

BY JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

I

One of the most significant facts of the year is the importance attributed by American critics to the imported "work of art" (to quote the loudest voice among the college professors) known as *If Winter Comes*. It goes without saying that the American critics who hailed it with greatest enthusiasm were not those who have welcomed the American novels which have made the past year a kind of *annus mirabilis* for us. If this novel had been produced in America it might have been overlooked or given its right evaluation. Such seems to have been its fate in England, where they still have a Galsworthy, a Conrad, a May Sinclair, to set a standard in style and honesty of thought. And yet, curiously enough, the sentimentalism that has given Mr. Hutchinson his great vogue is rather an English than an American product; it has found at any rate its most distinguished exponents in England. It has flourished side by side with the stronger plant of English realism. It will no doubt be charted eventually as a reaction from the hard-headed school of Meredith, Hardy, Gissing, Moore; its origins will be traced in the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward and the mystic musings of Mr. A. C. Benson. And its first great triumph will be attributed to the imaginative genius of Mr. Hugh Walpole.

The most pretentious element in Mr. Hutchinson's book is the Great War, the public interest which is associated with the private fortunes of the hero after the recipe of Mr. Wells. Only in the case of Mr. Wells—in *The New Machiavelli*, in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, in *The Research Magnificent*—we more readily see the connection; the public interest is embodied in the person of the hero, and we understand the theory, the doctrine, the programme, which he embodies. In Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hutchinson we simply see that Mark Sabre is a hysterical type of nationalism, and a type of that war hysteria of almost a decade past, which all sensible men have agreed to leave to oblivion, or at least to give its scientific description. England was in trouble, but all was bound to come out well, how or why we cannot say. And when it does come out well, we are wiser than we were. Sadly wise, with an obscure wisdom vaguely reminiscent of Ruskin. It seems to have some religious basis; but when we ask for specifications, we get nothing more novel or enlightening than "God Is Love". That we have long known, but what we want to know is how to apply that principle to the present state of things, how to tap that river of healing. Mark Sabre has no more to give us than the nearest Bishop. (There is something about the selfishness of profiteers, and we gather that Mark Sabre would have the Bishops instructed to admonish the profiteers and ask them to be good.)

Rather more germane to the story, perhaps, is Sabre's doctrine about conventions. "In their application they're often unutterably wrong, cruel, hideously cruel and unjust, but when you examine them, even at their cruellest, you can't help seeing that fundamentally they're absolutely right and reasonable and necessary." Such absolute validity for even conventions is a little hard to admit under the present reign of relativity and evolution. It is as if we had no proverb, "Circumstances alter cases." It is as if there had been no study of anthropology, as if Fraser had never written *The Golden Bough*, or the word *tabu* had never been called in to clarify our thought. But Sabre examines these conventions (the English ones), and finds them reasonable and necessary. There is the convention about the girl with a baby, who must be taken into no one's home. "You can't help seeing that the convention is fundamentally right and essential. Where on earth would you be if girls with babies could find homes as easily as girls without babies. . . . You'd have babies pouring out all over the place. See it?" How many see it? The logic is simple.

It is the violation of this very convention, as it turns out, which makes the most trouble in the private life of Mark Sabre, but which also makes possible the happy ending to which the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

author is pledged by his title. That and the war. The girl with the baby takes care of Mrs. Sabre, and the war takes care of Lord Tybar. Such is not, to be sure, the language of Mr. Hutchinson or of any of the characters in his book. They never descend to such plainness of statement. For the whole story is guided by the well known sentimental principle, generally converted by experience and common sense, of Eat Your Cake and Have It. Make all the sacrifices of a Christian martyr, and become a prince of this world. Play for years the rôle of abused King Mark, and have your Iseult like any Tristram. Take all the vows, like St. Francis, and end up in purple and fine linen. This is a well-known formula of fairy tales and has received its romantic apotheosis in *The Winter's Tale*, where the Elizabethan lover of romance was offered the two highest gratifications possible to one plot. It was very delightful for Prince Florizel to fall in love with a mere shepherd's daughter, to flout his royal father, and assert the eternal equality of prince and peasant in their souls. But it would hardly do to leave it so for the subjects of Queen Elizabeth, or King James, who were hard-headed even in romance. So after every thrill had been expressed from that piquant situation, a new set of thrills was furnished by simply revealing that the shepherd's daughter was really a princess and fit mate for a king's son. We have had plenty of stories in which lovers athwart the law have made a noble sacrifice to honor, good faith, convention or compassion,—*The Age of Innocence*, *An Autumn Sowing*, *Le Gentleman*, *The Duchess of Wrexe*. Mr. Hutchinson is of the more generous tribe of romancers who, when the lovers have chosen his right hand, heaps upon them the contents of both, honor and happiness at once.

If Mr. Hutchinson is one of a tribe, he has leaped at one stride to its headship. No one since 1850 has so consistently sentimentalized every episode of his story, and yet succeeded in taking in the "highbrows". He has taken for his hero an amiable and long-suffering Christian gentleman such as we all like to think of ourselves as being, and set him in a world that does not understand him. In every outward encounter with life he is defeated; his feelings are lacerated almost beyond endurance by things which less sensitive beings take more stolidly; but he keeps his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spirit clear. And he saves from worldliness the spirit of his soul-mate unhappily married to a devil. In this he is greatly assisted by the war. Lady Tybar was on the point of declaring her independence of the cruel, cynical, unfaithful man to whom she was married. But as soon as he goes to the colors, he is "my man to stand by in this". The sentiment is one that does her credit; but the grandiose gesture! the nauseating phrase! Sabre at least had no great reason to be concerned over the fate of the man who had caused so much suffering to the woman he loved; but the news of Tybar's death makes him nearly faint away with grief. It "came careering and headlong, as though malignity, bitter and wanton, had loosed a savage bolt". And later he learns from the weeping wife the circumstances of her husband's death. On his deathbed he was gloating over the message conveyed to her which let her know of his continued and cynical unfaithfulness. "Poor Tony! . . . He died like that . . . Marko, you know I'm very glad he just had his old mocking way while he died. . . . He was just utterly untouched by anything all his life, not to be judged as ordinary people are judged, and I know perfectly well he'd have wished to go out just his mocking, careless self to the last. He was utterly splendid. All that was between us, that was nothing once the war came." Never has been carried to such extreme the Roman motto not to speak evil of the dead. As for the war, it seems to have been a universal solvent of all natural feelings and standards of judgment. For myself, I cannot imagine how, with such sentiments for poor Tony, his widow could ever have consented to be another's wife.

Mr. Hutchinson can be trusted to take advantage of every form of sentimentalism which followed in the wake of the war. And so we have added to the pudding that death-bed scene inspired by Sir Oliver Lodge, in which Mark turns medium and brings to dying Mrs. Perch the spirit of her dead son Freddie. Dickens was a master of pathos, and of death-bed scenes; but his time would not admit of this particular bit of theatricality. And it comes now, one would suppose, at least a year too late.

Only a little less absurd is the fit of hysteria which seizes Mark Sabre when he learns that his wife is suing him for divorce.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He has long ago known, if words have meaning, that she regards him as an adulterer, and that her opinion is shared by the whole community. He is a man who, in a dozen contingencies, has shown himself willing to flout general opinion when conscious of being right. He is a certificated doctor in the philosophy of convention, and ought to understand its ways. His wife's action will leave him free to join the only person who has ever understood his sensitive soul. And yet the news of it comes to him as another "bolt" loosed by the powers of darkness. Then follows the intolerable melodrama of Effie's murdered baby and the coroner's inquest, with our broken-down hero totally incapable of uttering a word except his childish, reiterated "Look here".

Such fools for heroes we do not find even in the mystic narratives of Dostoievsky. A man who, without an effort, allows himself to be crowded out of a business in which he has an hereditary interest. A defender of convention who has no more sense than to take into his house a girl with a baby which his wife believes to be his own, as if humanity could find no other way of meeting the situation; and who, taking her in, has no more sense than to let the servants go. A person still deeply concerned with the feelings of his wife, and what she and the world may think of him, who has not the sense to keep the letter that proves his innocence, and save his wife from the shame of his supposed unfaithfulness. One is again reminded of Dickens and his fondness for helpless innocence in the clutches of designing evils. But it is with children and inexperienced women that Dickens works his natural pathos. If Sabre is to be the object of pity like Little Nell and Paul Dombey, well and good. But then he must not claim our admiration for a strong man in the toils.

II

Mr. Hutchinson is merely the most prominent, this year, of those who lead the cult of feeling for feeling's sake. I do not refer to the underworld of writers who take their inspiration from *East Lynne* and its kind, in whom the emotion is really proportioned to the experience it accompanies, writers who do not hesitate to give us the melodramatic stuff of tears. Towards the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

end of the book, indeed, Mr. Hutchinson does enter into competition with these honest folk. But in general he belongs to the school of those (like Mr. Walpole) who derive their thrills from the more ordinary matter of experience, whose people are more highly sensitized than the rest of us, and who register as "frightful" or "unbearable" what the rest of us register as sad or distressing. These people are, like schoolgirls, frankly out for experience; and we feel that, like schoolgirls, in their solemn self-consciousness they make epoch-making experiences at every opportunity. All stories have now become adventure-stories. Soon after he was married Mark Sabre "had a sudden sense of the poignant and tremendous adventure on which they were embarked together"—he and his wife. Well, that is a common experience. Marriage is no joke. Traveling in Europe is no joke. Matthew Arnold wrote sadly of "fighting the battle of life with waiters in foreign hotels". When Isabel Archer left Albany to try life in London, Florence and Rome, James tells us, what interested him most was the spiritual adventure which she was destined to undergo He does not call it a poignant and tremendous adventure. This language has come in since the time of James. You will find it strewn all over the novels of the last decade both in text and title. In Mr. Walpole's *The Captives*, when the hero says to the heroine he's glad she has come, the heroine's "heart thundered in her breast. She felt as though she were at the beginning of some tremendous adventure—an adventure enthralling, magnificent—and perilous." Mr. Wells holds, I believe, the original patent on this formula.

Mr. Walpole's people, like Mr. Hutchinson's, keep careful record of the moments that make epochs in their lives. Something is forever happening to change the whole current of lives hardly yet started. Maggie in her bedroom says she must get away. . . . "That moment . . . altered for Maggie the course of all her future life." That was in 1907. The story closes, as near as I can make out, in about 1910. So we realize how long a course of years was affected by her momentous decision! But we have at least two more recorded moments of equal importance. "Everything had been changed from that moment when Martin pressed her hand in the theatre. Every-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing!" That was one occasion; and then, at Borhedden, "when, in after days, she looked back to that quiet half-hour by the fire she saw that it was then that she had passed from girlhood into womanhood." And as for the hero, he too has his notched stick or calendar of events, which he can even predict in advance. One time, "he went upstairs with a feeling that he was on the eve of events that would change his whole world . . . he was conscious, as though it had been shown him in a vision, that he was on the edge of some scene that might shape for him the whole course of his future life."

Mr. Walpole is of course a writer of great power and charm. He can handle plots, create atmosphere, invent characters and make them live as few novelists can do on either side of the Atlantic. He abounds in interesting stuff. And *The Captives* is by no means his finest work. But it is thoroughly characteristic, and it serves as well as any to illustrate the feeling one always has in reading him of a certain sentimental insincerity or confusion. It is nothing so obvious as the sentimentality of Mr. Hutchinson. Mr. Walpole is sentimentally clever. Like everybody else he wants to be "different". Some achieve difference through witty cynicism; that is a part of the formula of Mr. Cabell. Mr. Walpole's line is a *recherché* subtlety in interpreting the mysteries of life and of human nature. He must have an enormous influence over writers less original and less critical, and I am inclined to hold him partly responsible for many false strokes in the work of writers like Mr. Hutchinson.

One characteristic symptom of English sentimentalism in our day is the tendency to make the sympathetic characters persons at odds with the established order, persons who demonstrate their own fineness and "difference" by the degree of their nonconformity, and, in a practical unsympathetic world, their inefficiency. Of course, to a certain extent, this is almost the universal stuff of romance; and so sober and responsible an artist as Mr. Galsworthy has given us a whole portrait gallery of sensitive women married to Philistines of one or another social class. But Mr. Walpole, following in the wake of his Dostoievsky, has gone much farther and has fully developed the formula used by Mr. Hutchinson for Mark Sabre. His Maggie is a kind of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foolish Percival destined to find the Grail by virtue of her very simplicity. She is as awkward and inarticulate as Sabre, making a failure of her life with her aunts, with her husband, finding her blessedness in love for a rotten fellow; the rotten fellow, equally inept, seeking perversely some strange holiness, renouncing Maggie because of a conviction that he injures everyone he touches. The theme of the story, as given in the title, is that of misfits, "captives in a strange country, trying to find the escape, each in his or her own fashion, back to the land of their birth."

And it is explicitly stated by Mr. Magnus, the interpreter of this philosophy, that these glorious "adventurers", these "treasure-hunters", are always people out of joint with the world. "It seems to be a solemn fact that you aren't a treasure-hunter until there's something wrong with you, until you've got a sin that's stronger than you are, or until you've done something that's disgraceful in the eyes of the world." And so the list includes Uncle Matthew, drunkard and sensualist and embezzler; Mr. Toms, the madman; Grace, because she is stupid and unimaginative; Paul, because he is split between his amorousness and his love of comfort; Thurston, the religious fakir; and the aunts, who look confidently for the Second Coming of Christ. There is, of course, a kind of romantic Christianism about all this—publicans and sinners—a kind of Whitmanism that appeals to a world of readers who want to find nobility in their own weakness. We all like to feel ourselves superior to an unseeing and conventional world and to feel, like Miss Toms, that "the world's view of anyone is never the right one".

The main difference between these treasure-hunters and Mark Sabre is that he is a combination of Joseph Andrews and Mrs. Grundy as well as being inept and unappreciated.

Like him, and like us all, Mr. Walpole's Captives love to feel that their fight to realize their own vaguely conceived "different" is the fight for God. Mr. Walpole is, like Mr. A. C. Benson, a very emancipated son of a Bishop. Any particular form of religious belief seems in his view to be mistaken, some of them illusions caused by illness and underfeeding; and the Church means nothing. But, following William James, whom he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quotes on the title page, Mr. Walpole holds there is *something* in religion; there is a great and real fight to redeem the world, in which the chief champions are the freaks and misfits—they are those seeking the Grail.

The flattering mystery of life is pleasantly kept before us in *The Captives* by a constant provision of vaguenesses of feeling, unexplained reactions, and psychic intimations. Maggie has great difficulty in bending down to kiss her Aunt Elizabeth. She "had a strange feeling that her bending down would break some spell". Mr. Walpole is very fond of "strange" feelings and of the mysterious suggestions conveyed by the indefinite adjective "some". "She must have felt, in that instant, that she was making some plunge into hazardous waters." Throughout the story, something is always seeming to tell someone, or a voice seems to say something; and the characters are always having swift intuitions or strange superstitions "that this was Destiny now", etc.

In Mr. Walpole's books, too, the private fortunes of the characters are likely to be bound up in some mysterious way with the great events in the political world. Mark Sabre's somewhat tenuous social philosophy of the post-war period has its counterpart in *The Duchess of Wrexe*, with its use of the Boer War. *The Duchess of Wrexe* is a remarkable study in social types made familiar to us in Victorian days by Thackeray. But I was never able to understand the social revolution which came about within the covers of that book. If any social revolution has come about in England during the last generation, I suspect it is in the East End rather then the West, as Miss Sidgwick intimates in *Madam*, and that Sidney and Beatrice Webb are in a better position to explain it to us than any of the romancers. Again in *The Dark Forest* Mr. Walpole has given a vivid account of how certain Russian Red Cross men went, in the Great War, to their "rendezvous with death". We are ready since Dostoievsky to credit almost any craziness to Russian psychology; but, on cool reflection, we find it hard to swallow this tale of how two men raced each other to death, each in hopes of being the first to meet and woo in the other world the woman who had gone before!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III

The language of Mr. Walpole is more sober than that of many of his contemporaries; but it does betray his determination to work the springs of feeling for all they are worth. There is one passage in *The Wooden Horse* that shows up rather amusingly the neglect of sense characteristic of sentimental writing in general. We read of a certain young man that he had "an overmastering desire for a companion", and, since his desire is overmastering, and since in any case it is an innocent desire, we expect him forthwith to gratify it. But instead we read the laconic statement, "This desire he conquered." It is evident that Mr. Walpole did not really mean an overmastering desire, but a very strong one. There was a time in English fiction when words were used with some sense of their actual values. Exhaustion was exhaustion, implying in itself an extreme condition of weakness, such as might have been experienced by Robinson Crusoe after shipwreck. Robinson Crusoe, as a matter of fact, was not exhausted, but merely "excessively fatigued". Defoe would, in any case, never have spoken, like Mr. Walpole, of "*utter* exhaustion". The silence of a person meant, in the time of Scott, a complete abstention from speech; and he would never have felt it necessary to say, with Mr. Walpole, "For a moment they were *utterly* silent." All our romancers have been fond of good-looking heroes—handsome men, with white teeth, attractive mouths and piercing eyes. But not even Bulwer Lytton or Disraeli would have seen any point in making his hero, as does Mr. Swinnerton in *September*, "quite strikingly handsome," with "very piercing eyes", and "extremely attractive mouth" and "very white and even teeth".

There is probably no reason to suppose that the elemental passions are experienced in present-day England more violently than in the days of *Tom Jones* or *Jane Eyre*. And yet our very nicest writers describe the symptoms of passion in terms that would have caused Charlotte Brontë or Henry Fielding to turn a little sick. Mr. Walpole tells us twice on a page that his hero crushed the heroine to him in a grip so tight that we expect her to fall to the earth like a broken flower. Even Mark Sabre, a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

model of propriety, was seized with "most passionate desire" to take another man's wife in his arms, "and on her lips to crush to fragments the barriers of conduct he had in damnable sophistries erected." In Mr. Hergesheimer we are not surprised at such brutalities of thought and act. He is dealing boldly with the elemental passions of unprincipled people, living in the wilderness. And the crushing of a lady, or the crushing to fragments of the barriers of conduct, is naturally the every-day occupation of Black Pennys. But Mark Sabre and Harry Trojan, people with whom we might any of us take tea at Cambridge or spend the week-end in the country!

The extraordinary thing, if I may borrow an adjective from these gentlemen, is that all this violence of feeling seems to go always with a singular refinement. In using the word singular, again, I use their own word; there is little in the feelings of these people which is not strange, or odd, or exquisite, or subtle, or singular; adjectives signalizing in every case their separation from the vulgar. They feel both more strongly and more finely (subtly is the word) than other mortals. They are the perfect realization of the Fine Shades and the Nice Feelings on which Meredith lavished so much irony in *Sandra Belloni*. The heroine of Mr. Swinnerton's *September* is a woman capable of a "frenzy of jealousy", of an "anguish of hatred", of a state of mind in which "every reserve and every reservation was torn away in this sharp naked venom of hatred"—that is the author's figure. And she is at the same time a woman of singular spiritual delicacy and insight, and is set apart in this story with one young man of equal fineness of nature. He was a pianist:

> Marian, sitting aside, realized *quickly* that some composers—especially those composers who reflected mood and reverie at their most *subtle*—had an *extraordinary* fascination for him. He played one study of Debussy's with an air of absorption that *deeply impressed* her. . . . Then Nigel played two pieces of Chopin's—a *Fantasie* (*sic*) *Impromptu* and the *exquisite Ballade in A flat*,—and for the first time for many months she was *moved beyond the power of expression*. Not alone the melancholy—the loneliness—of the music, nor the sadness of the memories to which it was the key; but a *quite singular perception* that through all emotion there runs the incessant current of bitter unhappiness, tinged her thoughts and made the evening a *poignant experience*. . . . It was with warm eyes of liking that Marian bade

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

farewell to her new friend. He seemed to strike a *note* in her *that had been unmoved* (an unmoved note?) for many years and that now vibrated with *exquisite* sweetness. . . . They were both *subtly* happy.

Mr. Hutchinson is much cruder in his indications both of the singularity and of the violence of feeling in his characters. Mark Sabre and Lady Tybar are as carefully set apart from the unfeeling souls as Marian and Nigel. Old Puzzlehead has a quite extraordinary perception of the mysterious and extraordinary character of life and death. But on the whole it is the violence that wins out over the singularity in the style employed. It is all adjectives, all superlatives, words expressive of the highest degree of feeling and suffering; and this on all occasions. Compared with that of Mark Sabre, the experience of Esther Waters or Tess Durbeyfield would seem tame, if we were to judge by the convulsive emphasis of the words in which his feelings are set forth. Nothing happens to him that is not terrible, frightful, or extraordinary, and the lowest degree of suffering to which he is liable is expressed as immensely poignant. Any doctor could diagnose his case at once as a weak heart.

IV

That is always the trouble with the sentimentalist. He has a craving to pass off his weakness for strength. He has an exaggerated view of the merit attaching to strength of feeling; and an uneasy conscience on the score of his own debility. He has two ways of saving his face. He can go in for subtleties, and he can go in for superlatives. The writer who ministers to the sentimentalist has a wide audience; for subtleties and superlatives are things within the reach of all who have been to school. But he will not last long, if we may judge the future by the past.

The noblest subject of literature is heroic suffering and the "tears of things". One of the most affecting and elevating passages in fiction is that in which Æneas discovers in the temple at Carthage the artistic representation of the great war in which he had borne his part. Since then he had lost his wife and father; he had been driven about by the malice of the gods; he had suffered shipwreck on a forbidding coast; he had lost the greater

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

part of his companions, and knew not what hostilities he was to encounter in this strange land. And here on the walls of the temple of the rising city of strangers he finds set forth those great and terrible events most worthy of all in history to be recorded, and he knows that he is in a land of art, a civilized land where noble deeds are prized, where men have tears for things worthy of tears, and mortal sorrows touch the heart.

En Priamus! sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi,
Sunt lachrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GARBAGE CAN

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

If Main Street stretches from San Francisco to New York, I know, without seeing, that the way is marked not by milestones but by garbage cans. For my experience is that of the American street, short or long, the garbage can has become an indispensable feature. It no longer hides itself in alleys or slums, but in the highly respectable quarter of the highly respectable town it makes a public exhibition of what would have been called "slops" in primitive days when "slops" were not thought fit for public gaze. I have counted as many as eleven neatly ranged before a stately private residence, as many as twenty-five in front of an eminently correct hotel, and, appalled, I ask myself what must be the number reached on his daily rounds by a policeman given to statistics. Sometimes they are grouped on the curbstone, sometimes more modestly by the area railing, often in the middle of the pavement, a trap for the unwary; but always, morning, noon and night, somewhere in full view, providing for the observant man the opportunity to learn who feasts on lobster or fasts on cabbage, who runs up big bills for flowers or economizes on coal. Occasionally the garbage is collected, but by dumping it into uncovered carts from which it blows right and left, through open doors and windows, back into the houses and so straight into the cans again, our sanitary authorities have arranged that the garbage can is today as permanent an ornament of our streets as the letter box or the lamp post.

It is an ornament that old-fashioned people scarcely think desirable, and, personally, I would rather learn inside a man's house whether lobster or cabbage is the more frequent dish at his table, would rather judge by the fragrance and warmth of his rooms how many flowers he buys and how much coal he burns. But the younger generation must be of another way of thinking, for if the garbage can were to them the offense it is to me, they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have invented long ago means of getting rid of it. In my London flat, if mine were not promptly emptied and promptly returned, up four flights of stairs to my scullery, by ten o'clock in the morning, somebody as promptly wanted to know why, and surely we are not such centuries behind the English as not to have found out how to do what they manage without trouble. Nor can I believe that custom, marvelous as are the miracles it works, has turned the garbage can into a thing of beauty in young America's eyes, or that chance, for all its usual perversity, should have hit upon it as the sort of symbol tea was to our ancestors—the breaking point in our endurance of oppression. Still meek as lambs, we accepted the Eighteenth Amendment; but interfere with our garbage, and then—!

However, the more I think about it, the less I find that anybody else does. Nobody is disturbed or pleased by the presence of the garbage can, because everybody is blind to it. And as nobody cares one way or the other, there it remains at everybody's door, a symbol, after all; not of national independence, however, but of the easy national indifference with which we fall into the easy national habit of slovenliness.

No one expects the great nation, any more than the great man, to be great all the time. But the great nation has not the great man's privilege of privacy for its slippered ease. It must wear its slippers—if it wears them at all—in public, no matter how down at the heels they are, or how out at the toes. That America, as a nation, has intervals of greatness it has not waited for me to discover—modesty is not our predominant fault; that it has also its intervals of rest and enjoys them in unspeakable untidiness, is as little of a state secret. In fact, to flaunt this untidiness in the public's face seems part of the enjoyment. Certainly, the Government is at pains to set the example at national headquarters. If it was at its greatest when it built for our President and our Legislators houses as beautiful in their dignity and simplicity as Democracy is reputed to be and never is, it has remained ever since at its most slovenly in the street that joins them together. It had the chance to make of Pennsylvania Avenue an American Champs-Élysées; it has made it instead a colossal national garbage can filled to overflowing with shanties,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

odds and ends of Chinatown, cheap lunch counters, dilapidated hotels—all the refuse of the nation's capital. And, in these matters, the country flatters Washington excessively by excess of imitation. New York, feeling its responsibility as our biggest town, does so in the biggest way. Nowhere else is the contrast so sharp between America's achievements in moments of inspiration and America's neglect in moments of relaxation. A few years ago, necessity and architects contrived to transform it into a city of palaces—a glorified Genoa or Florence—and to group those palaces in unbelievable beauty just where they command the most unbelievably beautiful harbor in the world. Almost at once, necessity becoming less rigid and the city government discovering the zone law, sky scrapers with no palatial pretense were built, destroying scale and sky line, knocking the composition all to pieces. Fifth Avenue, as a street, is no less impressive than the Upper Bay as a harbor. But if its splendor is unrivalled, so also is the squalor of the near slums where our aliens multiply. Here and there, at some special corner of its vast length, architect and sculptor have worked together for an effect that the stateliest of the stately old towns of France or Spain or Italy could not disdain. But, nobody apparently caring, the most effective of these corners has been quickly overshadowed by a gigantic arrangement of brick bandboxes, with a gilded cock set up on top as if to crow in insolent derision.

Americans with eyes to see, when they come home to New York straight from Paris, will tell you that on landing it shocked them as hideous beyond endurance. But New York is not hideous. Paris is not without architectural calamities; only, as a genius for order is the greatest of the great gifts France has given to the world, even architectural calamities there are kept within restraint. The modern French architect may and does go astray in a building, but his mistakes are seldom allowed to destroy the design of the street or the town of which they are a part. He modifies where we, in our easy-going way, exaggerate the discord.

Whatever our object, whether beauty or utility, our greatness gives out before the end, too often at just the wrong moment; but used as we have become to discord in everything, we no longer mind it in anything. New York builds a subway which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is the admiration of engineers everywhere, and fills it with noise that threatens Blackwell's Island as the end of the journey. American trolley cars are models for the nations of the earth, and on the richest streets at home we let them grow filthier and filthier, day by day, until the most powerful hose and biggest scrubbing brush could not wash off the grime. And in both subway and trolley, we push and elbow and fight our way through masses of perspiring humanity, priding ourselves on our civilized system of transit and, in our complacent ignorance, pitying the poor foreigner for those cars marked "Horses Eight, Men Twenty-Four," of whose use we have not the most remote idea and have never troubled to ask.

Our parks are our glory, and their trees, transported at great cost, perish for want of the right care; their bushes and flowers planted with great pains are at the mercy of winter's skaters and summer's loafers for want of the right regulations. Our main roads have been improved almost incredibly since pre-motor days, even the old tumble-down fences making way in places for hedges of roses and honeysuckle, and at every turn we deface them with billboards, the curse of the country. We import fine cart horses from the north of France, and in our large cities they and their progeny do their work in a condition and with harness that would disgrace the sorriest hack of a backwoods town. Our money draws the most renowned singers in the world to the Metropolitan Opera House and, in our costliest clothes, we listen to them from boxes and stalls in urgent need of the upholsterer's attention. We are so generous with our Post Office that it earns a deficit, and yet its officials, in carrying a book so short a distance as from Brooklyn to Manhattan, will mangle the corners beyond repair. Our shops are models of arrangement, and the carelessly done up parcels they send out would fill the Paris or London shopkeeper with confusion.

But to the accumulation of examples there is no end. Politics alone would supply a chapter—a volume—a library— requiring an army of officials a lifetime to compile. In all that is important, as in all that is insignificant, the same bewildering contrast presents itself. Ask any American who has lived long out of his own country what strikes him most on his return, and,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if he is truthful, he will answer: The extraordinary luxury side by side with the more extraordinary down-at-the-heel shabbiness. We can build up but we cannot keep up; and national untidiness has come to seem as inevitable as national enterprise.

To criticize one's own country is, by the American who wears his patriotism upon his sleeve, held to be a crime; in his belief, I suppose, that the great thought of ourselves, if persevered in, will achieve greatness for us. But some wise men teach that only by the search for evil—the daily examination of conscience—can evil be got rid of and, as our greatness is reserved for rare intervals and our slovenliness is with us every day, their teaching is at least worth putting to the test. Certainly, if we go on much longer as we are going, there is no telling where we shall end. Already our eyes are so shut to the prevailing slovenliness that it is not creeping, but leaping by bounds into the essential things of life. Nations decay and perish; towns and all that is in them vanish. The most refreshing political fruits of today wither and rot over night. Art, and art alone, survives the passing generations and what they call their civilization, and upon art the national untidiness is intruding—not only art in the usual more limited sense, but art in the broader definition that includes spoken and written language as well as painting, sculpture and engraving, architecture and music.

Our greatness in all these branches of art, if measured by our means to attain it, would be prodigious. How fantastically unreal the number and wealth of our schools, colleges and universities would have seemed to students of those earlier ages when education was for the few, and the few had to work hard to get it! But how amazing the puny mouse that is all the marvelous mountain of education has so far been delivered of! And how incomprehensible the new methods—mental discipline, once the chief end of education, subordinated to marks, examinations, diplomas; children playing their way into their studies and directing the play themselves; grammar a back number and parsing as extinct as we fancied the plesiosaurus until yesterday; subjects that require effort to master comfortably dropped; thought a superfluous accomplishment; the most pleased-with-themselves scholars fast drifting from the old foundations and throwing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overboard the old standards as they go! We can see for ourselves the results of our intellectual slovenliness everywhere. Students may crowd the lecture hall; they may fill an astounding assortment of examination papers; they may come out of school or college or university laden with laurels; but they cannot speak or write decent English. Their language is the language of the comics. In voices they have never been taught to control or modulate; they "gotta go" and they are "gonna do it," and they sprinkle their talk with such gems as "watcha" and "gotcha" and similar vulgarisms, barren even of the humor or vigor that makes real slang amusing and sometimes eloquent. As they talk so they write, their respect for the written no deeper than for the spoken word—anything to save time and trouble—*thru* for *through*, *program* relieved of the extra *me*, *cigaret* of the *te*, *catalog* of the *ue*, *humour* without a *u*, *labour* as ill-used; innumerable other desecrations as horrible—almost everywhere space-and-time-saving abbreviations, until it looks as if presently books and papers will be printed in shorthand. Where there is no feeling for the beauty of language there can be none for the beauty of literature. We have Professors of English by the legion, and how many writers or critics of distinction, how many readers of discernment or appreciation? If the critic, the leader, fights shy of work done the day before yesterday, if he rejoices in his escape from the leading-strings of Greek and Latin, if he differentiates between the English language and the American, if he boasts of emancipation from the traditions that are the heirloom of modern literature, can we wonder at the quality of the "best sellers" and the cheap magazines on our bookstalls—at the demoralizing amount of second-rate work, applauded in second-rate reviews, devoured by a second-rate public—at the demoralizing mess of stuff that fills America's literary garbage can to repletion?

The case of the art of the sculptor, the engraver, the painter, the architect, is, if possible, worse. Probably the people of no other country spend so much on art, talk so much about art. The American dollar is capturing the treasures that Europe cannot afford to keep. The American museums are becoming what European museums were before the war made Europe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unsafe for anything that can be turned into money. American towns, no matter how large or small, build spacious galleries—sham classic temples now scattered over the land. American art schools are no less numerous, and rich endowments, oftener than not, are theirs for the asking. American students are almost as countless as the sands on the shore, and scholarships almost many enough to go the rounds. Art is a fashionable toy, an instrument of reform, an aid to the uplifter of humanity. And what comes of it all? When our museums have captured the world's masterpieces, how do the people profit by them? What technical training, what practical preparation, do the schools supply for the students? And what do the students see in the schools save a factory to "produce" get-rich-quick artists as fast as possible, to point the way into the short cuts to success, to teach the trick of evading the labor without which great art never yet was and never can be? We have done and occasionally still do great things in art as in literature. In architecture we have triumphed. But I am speaking of the rule, not the exception, and what the rule is can be gathered from the present tendency of artists to take to the "isms"—to the short cuts as readily as ducks take to water; from the eagerness of the public for the sensational or the slipshod in painting, and the willingness of too many painters to play down to the preference; from the indifference to sculpture, except when women can see in it an insult to their sex or the reporter a good "story"; from the popularity of illustrated magazines that are the despair of illustrators, wood engravers and printers, who remember a not distant past when the illustrated American magazine was a work of art; from the tendency of architects to rest in commonplace after their triumph. Artists are left who love art too well to dishonor it; but what do their achievements mean to the public, whose eyes have ceased to be offended by the garbage of art?

Music fares as ill, and every sensitive ear must shrink from the proofs. It has become no less fashionable than politics and philanthropy, more fashionable than art. Music schools and music teachers are as plentiful as art schools and art teachers, and the students they attract and scholarships they offer as numerous. The weekly, the daily, concert brings a horde of wealthy sub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scribers to the front door, a queue of impecunious amateurs to the cheap entrance around the corner. Not to go regularly to the opera is to write one's self down an outsider. The favorite singers, in the size of their incomes, rival the "movie" stars. There is no polite eating without music, no polite receiving without music, no polite summer holiday-making without music. And with innumerable chances to hear good music, what is the music the people really love—the music to which they would sacrifice all the grand operas and symphony orchestras that ever were, had they but the courage? If the choice lay between Wagner or Debussy and Jazz, between the playing of Heifetz or Rachmaninoff and canned music, can there be any doubt of their decision, save for the shame of it? Put a mechanical piano or a talking machine on the stage, make it the fashion, and see if the same horde, the same queue, would not besiege the doors of Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan! The ear has been debauched by machine-made music. Music-making machines are amazing as machines, but what they produce is the machine-made, not art, and the people do not discriminate between them. They welcome every latest mechanical substitute for music, as they welcome the latest "isms" of untrained artists, the latest camera-made drama of the picture theatre, the latest journalese of the writer who has thrown tradition to the winds. It is so much easier for the easy-going not to rise to the intellectual or emotional demands of art.

The large majority, since education has been theirs, have always been the easy-going in these matters. There is nothing new in their attitude, but there is ever-increasing danger. The citizen who takes the garbage can at his front door for granted might end by overlooking its presence in his parlor; so the man of learning or taste who grows accustomed to the majority's slovenliness in the important things of life, may finish by thinking it inevitable and have his own senses blunted in the process. But, as in the case of the garbage can at the front door, the more I think of the menace to art and all art means, the less I find that anybody else does. Slovenliness, I am assured by those to whom I have carried my uneasiness, is unavoidable in a Democracy. Respect for art is no more to be expected than tidiness in a land where the people rule; a disturbing doctrine to one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brought up to believe in Democracy as the origin and dispenser of all good. If the people make the laws, then the laws must give them what they want, and if slovenliness is what they want, then they want the wrong thing. Either they are qualified to rule and ought to know better, or they do not know better and therefore are not qualified to rule; a dilemma out of which I see no possible way. And my uneasiness grows when I consider how our rulers, the people, have allowed the country to be flooded with undesirable aliens who add their foreign methods of untidiness to our own and, as the citizens they quickly become, have the right to inflict them upon us. Customs that do no special harm in wind-swept villages on Italian hilltops, when imported into our crowded slums can do all the harm in the world. Customs that make the Russian-Jew quarter a horror everywhere in Southeastern Europe, are more likely than not to flourish furiously in the Ghettos now encouraged or condoned in the democratic American towns.

And we accept it all, as satisfied with our easy-goingness as the British with their muddling. Not until our country was in the clutches of the objectionable immigrant did we set a limit to immigration; we waited until the Eighteenth Amendment was part of the Constitution to protest against Prohibition; and so, no doubt, art will have been submerged in slovenliness before we wake up to the truth that life without art is not life at all—indeed, that life itself should be an art. The very suggestion would startle or distress the progressive American who measures success in life by the big business he does. America is a commercial country, "the business man's country, not the artist's," the business man informs us. "The artist lives in our midst by sufferance, not by right." If this is what we Americans honestly believe, may God help us, for it is too late to help ourselves! Why, even the "heathen Chinee" we despise knows better. If he declines our offer of a share in our commercial darkness, it is because, as he has courteously reminded us, he understands how dearly bought is progress when it leaves a nation neither time nor inclination to cultivate the art of living.

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BIG DRAFT

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I SUPPOSE I must begin by explaining what a Draft used in this sense signifies. I have had occasion before this to attempt its definition, and in the effort have applied to dwellers in The Big Draft to assist me, but without much success. With us a draft is a draft, "An' ef you don't natch'ly know what that is, why then, dog-gone it! It's mighty hard to say *what* it is!" But for those who don't "natch'ly know", I may say that a draft is not quite a valley, nor is it exactly a gap. Perhaps it is a mongrel bred of the two, fathered by a gap and mothered by a valley, and is possibly what they speak of in the Tennessee mountains as a "cove". I am aware that this definition smacks somewhat of the Biblical one, "Now an omer is the tenth part of an ephah," which is helpful no doubt if you happen to know how much an ephah is, but if you do not is as cryptic as "How old is Ann?" Well, for those who do not understand the fine points of distinction between valleys, hollows, drafts, coves, gaps and narrows, I will say that a draft looks so much like a valley that only the true mountaineer is aware of the difference. So the average reader may think of it as a valley, and not be far wrong.

We have in our vicinity many drafts, such as Morning Draft, Monroe Draft, and Tuckahoe; but it is with The Big Draft that I am especially concerned. Truth, however, compels me at this point to confess that though I now hail from The Big Draft, I first saw the light in Tuckahoe Draft, and though I moved from there at the early age of one year, nevertheless it was cast in my face in my youth that I was born "up Tuckahoe". The Big Drafters hold the dwellers in other sections in derision, and especially they sing—

Go for to milk, an' milk it in a gourd,
Set it on er bench, an' cover it with a board—
That's the way they do
In the Tuckahoe crew!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have a dim recollection of having met this snatch in print somewhere, applied to some other locality; so, though I am familiar with it here, it is probable that it is not entirely original with us, but is a classic bit of criticism, employed in other places. Perhaps indeed, the Athenians sung it of the Spartans; but if so, I do not doubt that the Spartans retorted with a "come back" of their own.

The Big Draft lies in the Alleghanies west of the Blue Ridge, and as in New England they treasure spinning wheels and the like that "came over in the *Mayflower*", so we in our county point with pride and say, "That's the first clock that ever came across the Blue Ridge," or "This was the first silver spoon to come across the Blue Ridge." One inevitably visualizes the first clock and silver spoon, hand in hand, adventuring forth across the Blue Ridge, all unattended by human escort. The thought makes a unique and alluring picture, more unusual than Washington Crossing the Delaware, and one abandons it regretfully to realize that as the spinning wheels did not navigate the *Mayflower* all alone, so the clock and silver spoon were accompanied by ancestors of the present generation. I may remark in passing that the spoon in question is marked with a large S, it having been a wedding present to a dead and gone bride named Charlotte, the engraver of that period being under the impression that Charlotte began with an S. I am tempted to believe that this amiable mistake must have been perpetrated by an ancestor of my own. Certainly from some source I have inherited an unusual mode of spelling. It is only comparatively lately that I have given up spelling polite, "polight". I still think it is a more dignified and courteous looking word, more expressive of its best self, spelled according to my way, than it is in its more common or garden usage. However I bow to the autocratic habits and customs of the dictionary, and return to the habits and customs of The Big Draft, with which indeed I am more at ease.

With clocks and silver spoons, and ancestors, the tide of emigration flowed westward over the Blue Ridge and filled the valleys and drafts, and even surged up to the tops of the mountains. Most of the early emigrants were of the sturdy Scotch-Irish

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

variety, who had hand to hand encounters with Indians, bears, and wolves. The Indians went early. There are no living inhabitants of The Big Draft who remember them. But the wolves and bears belong to a past still fresh. "Yes," says one friend of mine, a woman not yet sixty years of age of good mountain stock, "in the old days most any night on the mountain you'd be waked by the pigs squealing 'cause the bears was after 'em. An' wolves, too—you could hear 'em howling all round. If they got too close, my old Dad 'ud go out an' blow his hunting horn, an' that always drove 'em away. The next time you heard 'em holler it would be 'way off on a far ridge. That's the reason, I reckon, they's all gone now—they can't stand the sound of the whistles on the trains an' in the lumber camps."

There came on the heels of these first settlers another wave of emigration, made up of people whose forbears had been the early settlers of Virginia. These brought into the mountains the tradition of "Old Virginia"; so much so that one small boy, descendant of this stock, when asked in his Sunday-school lesson where Joseph took Mary and the Young Child when he fled from Herod, answered faithfully, "Back to Old Virginia."

But the Blue Ridge was not all. The Alleghanies were the next barriers confronting the westward tide of humanity. But it flowed across them too. One of the little stations on the railroad east of us is called "Backbone", because when they got the tracks laid as far as that the engineer in charge said, "Now, the backbone of the Alleghanies is broken."

So the pioneers crossed the Blue Ridge, and broke the backbone of the Alleghanies, for when humanity has definitely made up its mind to accomplish anything, nothing can stop it. And, as the negro preacher says, "Right here, brederen an' sisteren, I takes my text"; and in illustration of this truth I would point to our celestial visitor, which alighted suddenly among us to show The Big Draft a new form of conquest.

It came to us, this great battleplane, on the wings of a thunder storm; gray rain and swirling clouds late in the afternoon making it dangerous for it to cross the next range of mountains, and so bringing it to rest in The Big Meadow, right in the heart of The Big Draft. There it lay, this monstrous creature of man's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

invention, on the green grass of the meadow for our amazed eyes to gaze upon. Even as I write the words, the picture of it flashes back upon me, rejoicing the "inner eye" with a thrill of delight, and I wish that my pale description might make the reader feel something of the excitement that the advent of this battleplane brought to us of The Big Draft. Some of us had never even seen an airplane before, and those of us who had, had seen them passing remotely overhead, in the strange places of the sky, which, although it has roofed us all our lives, is still an unknown country to us; or else we had seen them at aviation fields very far from The Big Draft. To have one—and it so huge a battleplane—swoop suddenly to rest there in that familiar meadow, surrounded by mountains we knew so well, brought the astonishing things of life into our midst, and laid the miraculous there at our very doors, making us amazingly aware of what human nature is capable. A little distance away winked the pond where wild ducks and geese sometimes alight on their way north; up the hollows and along the tops of the mountains are log cabins, from which looms and spinning wheels have only lately disappeared, none of which things prepare the mind for flying machines. But unless the amazing in the familiar pricks your fancy, you cannot understand what the advent of this celestial visitor meant to us, nor how it opened our eyes and our imagination.

The Draft stopped all its usual activities, and declared a holiday. If you wished to see any of your neighbors, you called upon them in The Big Meadow, and there you found them gazing upon the airplane. Mothers and babies came; grandparents with strings of small descendants; lovers, and young married couples; and little boys. Oh, yes! little boys were everywhere! Young men and maidens, old men and matrons, they were all there; the matrons casting anxious glances back toward home and household duties. And well I know that for many a day to come the bitterest complaint voiced by those who feel that Fate always singles them out for affliction, will be, "I didn't even git to go to the flying machine when hit was here!" Not to "git to go" is one of the tragedies of The Draft. All who came laughed. It was a laughing crowd. I think the strange and unusual nearly always provokes us to mirth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first morning after its arrival saw us all assembled. We sat upon the grass before it, waiting to see it fly. While we waited we gossiped, and heard "the news from nowhere"—for the sky is almost nowhere to the average person—and learned the history of our surprising visitor, how it had been on its way to the coal fields west of us, and how the thunder storm had forced it to alight. We were all there in time to see it toss off its morning coffee, which consisted of a hundred and twenty gallons of gasoline, partaken of in two huge gulps of sixty gallons each. This sustenance, sent up from the village, was borne by an arrogant truck, which snorted and galumphed over the uneven meadow, as who should say, "Make way, ambrosia for the gods!" while all the little flivvers backed humbly out of its path, watching with blank and doubtful eyes the disappearance of so much gasoline, and no doubt "'If this should stay to tea,' they said, 'there won't be much for us!'"

Fortified by the gasoline, the battleplane started all its engines, the whirr and stutter of which roared across the valley from ridge to ridge, while we stood back with stopped ears and caught breath, and waited to see it rise. Talk—or rather shout—went round that it had to attain a speed of a hundred miles an hour before it could leave the ground. Could it do it? Was there room for it to rise? Big as the Big Meadow seems to us mountain folk, where for the most part the fields look hardly larger than tablecloths spread upon the hillsides to dry, it was crampingly small for this great visitor's take-off. There lay a stretch of grass before it, and then there came a patch of corn ripening gently to its harvest. There was also a plump haystack in the way. Already upon its landing the flying machine had chewed up much corn. Had it acquired a taste for roasting ears, and would it take another mouthful as it went? And was the haystack safe? One could not but feel that the neighbor whose corn had suffered was playing in unusually bad luck. Nobody else's corn had been so much as touched all summer by flying machines! If this hitherto unheard-of disaster to crops is to become common, what amazing and monstrous scarecrows we shall have to devise for our protection!

The engines roared and roared. Little boys played about in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the blast of wind from the propellers, and grown people were massaged from head to foot by the shudder of them. We watched the corn, we looked upon the haystack, we waited. Then slowly the roaring died, the great propellers whirled to repose, and word was passed about, "Engine trouble—they'll not git off to-day." With that The Draft went home to take up work fitfully, but with ears pricked for the sound of engines in the Big Meadow.

The engine trouble, that complaint so essentially modern, persisted for days, and a smaller machine was sent to the aid of our great monster. This was a gay little ladybird of an airplane that came down in the Meadow, and frisked across the grass with a lightness and vivacity that exhilarated the heart, and which appeared to be epitomized in one of its crew. He was blond, and care-free and mirthful. He sat in his machine above our heads, and laughed down into our respectful faces. He was friendly and young; the blue sky was over him, and the green grass all about; he exuded health and well-being, and a certain mirth which he did not seem able to communicate to us terrestrials. After that for several days the ladybird came and went on errands of mercy for its big disabled companion. The way in which it ate up space astounded us, provoking us to amazed laughter. "Why," we said, "it'll fly fifty miles just to fetch a monkey wrench!"

But its ministrations were not immediately successful, and our celestial visitors lingered there in the Big Meadow from day to day, affording me time to think back into the past, and remember my first introduction to flying machines. That was long ago, when I was of so tender an age that our delightful old rector, the first person with whom I ever associated flying, never talked to me about it but down on all fours played bear with my small brother and myself. That was in the old days when The Draft was so remote that during the winter we had church only when there was a fifth Sunday in a month. Now fifth Sundays are so rare that a collector of days would be interested in them as specimens, and because of their rarity, when I was small, church-going was not a bore but an event. On fifth Sundays our old rector came from twenty miles away to preach in the little log

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

schoolhouse of The Draft, to play bear with us children, and to discuss the Order of Melchizedek and flying machines with the grown-ups. All would be quiet in our little sitting room, when suddenly the rector would leap up, and jumping on the seat of a low chair, would take a visiting card, and knocking it off a book watch it plane slowly to the floor. In the sight he saw marvelous things, for he had invented a flying machine—a flying machine that flew! Long before the Wrights were in the air, our old rector had flown. Unfortunately, however, he flew with clipped wings, his wife having forbidden him to experiment with his invention anywhere save in the cellar. Now for a flying machine that is going to fly, a cellar is about the worst place in the world for its initial flight! Imagine the cruelty of fate that hatched such a denizen of cloud and space in such quarters! It flew, indeed, but it hit the ceiling with prompt and disastrous results both to itself and to its inventor. But it had flown and flying was coming—was indeed already on the way. So even in my childhood I had heard the fluttering of wings; and now here was this great battleplane to testify to our old rector's wisdom, and to the tremendous fact that when human nature once makes up its mind to accomplish a thing, *nothing* can stop it. To attain its end it will rive "the rocks, and swim the sea," cross the Blue Ridge, and break the backbone of the Alleghanies.

The little ladybird machine continued to come and go on behalf of the battleplane, making all our necks feel the severe strain of sky gazing. I suppose in ten thousand years Nature may adjust the human muscles to an upward glance, but in the mean time we of the present must suffer many a stiff neck. It was a relief when the small machine was on the grass. Yet there is something about flying machines alighting, and taxi-ing across the ground, that always gives me, for one, a queer shivery feeling, a thrill of hysteria, of revulsion, of wild mirth, and—and—well, just of *queerness!* Can it be that long ago ancestors of my own were clawed by flying dragons? I do not know. I only know that when I think of dragons, half flying, half wriggling dreadfully across the grass, and see an airplane thus intimately on the ground, I seem to touch a dim rudimentary instinct that responds with a grotesque revulsion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But at last the great day came, the battleplane flew, and all the inhabitants of The Big Draft were there to see it. Oh, trust us for that! Hadn't we almost taken our little porringers and eaten our suppers with it daily in fear that it might get off without us? The babies, the lovers, the grandparents, the young couples, the small boys, were there—we were all there!

Willing helpers pushed it up to the furthest corner of the Meadow, and a chain of men tugging at the propellers cranked it successfully. It roared gloriously, no engine trouble now! The pilot put on his coat and mounted to his nest; one daring little boy, to show off before the girls, took a last run in front of it, and as he did so the engines changed from a muffled roar to a full blast of sound, and that little boy thought his last hour had come! We looked upon the haystack, we prayed for the cornfield. The battleplane moved, it started, it began to run across the Meadow, faster and faster; oh, very fast indeed! All at once it had left the ground, and was in the air! For an instant its gray spread wings were outlined against Greenbrier Mountain; the next it was in the sky, safe in its element, high over our heads, beautiful and remote—in the catch of a breath gone from the known into the unknown, out of our world forever.

As for me, I shall be dead and in my grave when I cease to respond with an ecstasy of delight to that instant when a flying machine leaves the ground for the air. Not when it is in the sky, not when it is on the ground, but just at that fleeting moment of ascension, hardly glimpsed before it is gone—that is the miracle, the ecstasy! When I saw that great battleplane rise against Greenbrier Mountain, in all that familiar scenery, something clutched me by the throat, tears leaped in my eyes, a door within opened, and I said, "There is nothing the human mind cannot accomplish if it thinks over it hard enough and long enough!"

Perhaps I had known this before, but I never knew it so hard or so certainly as I did in the fleeting instant that that great airship sailed out of the Big Meadow. Here it was in all our well-known surroundings one moment, the next triumphantly gone into space. It was the amazing in the familiar that burst open the door, and filled me with astonishment over humanity's incredible resignation. We do not have to stand anything if we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do not choose to. Individuals may have to, certainly; for often it requires more than one generation to work out salvation. But the race working collectively through the years can have what it wants, can set itself free of any evil, can conquer the sea, the earth, and the air. Certainly we of The Big Draft ought to know this with the history of our conquering pioneer days still so fresh in the mind, with the Blue Ridge crossed, the backbone of the Alleghanies broken, and now the mastery of the air demonstrated for us here in our Big Meadow. If humanity makes up its mind to have anything, nothing can be denied to it. Why then should we sit down tamely under any affliction? What have all the lazy people of the past been about that we should still have to suffer such evils as famines, wars, pestilence, insanity, blindness, and cancer? And how hard are we of the present—also lazy people—caring to deliver the next generation from these agonies? Not very hard, certainly, or we should be free of them. With such God-given capacities as we possess, it is only our amazing and supine indifference that keeps us where we are.

But how curious is the human mind! Why do certain generations care for certain things? Why, for instance, does the average man of the present take a more burning interest in automobiles than he does in a cure for cancer? Why does this generation care so passionately to annihilate space? I do not know. I only know that we do, and in consequence we whiz with incredible speed from place to place, for what we want we get. And now we fly. What spirit went abroad to prod us up into the sky? To trouble humanity so at this time that the earth could no longer satisfy us, but we must adventure into the clouds as well? A spirit so ardent that even our old rector caught the contagion, and flew, albeit only in a cellar; and now airplanes come down in the Big Meadow where heretofore only the wild geese and ducks alighted. For once the past and present met vividly before our eyes and showed us what humanity can do with the "arrows of desire", pointing us to the way of conquest:

> Bring me my bow of burning gold,
> Bring me my arrow of desire;
> Bring me my spear; O clouds unfold!
> Bring me my chariot of fire!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Well—the little ladybird machine ran skippingly across the grass and jumped into the air, and presently was up there with the battleplane, circling high over our heads. For a few minutes they tarried, and then they turned, and swam swiftly away to the south, away from The Big Draft, over our familiar hills, over Kate's Mountain and White Rock, away and away, until the distant sky swallowed them from view, and they were gone out of our horizon and knowledge forever.

And we of The Big Draft took our eyes down from the heavens, we rubbed our weary necks, and we said, "Well now, *ain't* that a sight!" And then we went home to pick up once more our everyday affairs. But for a space we had associated with the gods, we had entertained a celestial visitor, we had extended our vision, and had caught a glimpse of the conquering power of the mind of man.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FOUNDING OF MAIN STREET—II

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

THE LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS

A DECADE after sharp-tongued Mrs. Trollope left America, "Schnüspel, the distinguished novelist," to echo Carlyle's ironic phrase in *Past and Present*, was here. Rather, "Boz" was here. He arrived on January 22, 1842, and remained until June 7 of the same year. It would be idle to contrast his point of view, his opportunities in America, or the circumstances which surrounded him, to the conditions attending Mrs. Trollope's visit. No two literary apparitions could have come more differently than did these two: Mrs. Trollope unregarded, Dickens the darling of the nation during every instant of his stay; Mrs. Trollope thrown on our worst, Dickens fêted by our best; Dickens introduced formally to every phase of our social system, Mrs. Trollope encountering, wherever chance travels led her, the ugliest aspects of this system. Yet who will say, for our comfort, that Dickens's six months here, in practically the same America, furnished a better opportunity for knowing us than the three and a half years of Mrs. Trollope? Or, if so, that Dickens's verdict was essentially more favorable? Which is more flattering, *The Domestic Manners of the Americans* or *American Notes*?

The notion of going to America had long been in Dickens's mind; Forster alludes several times to the prospective journey. I am cynically inclined to believe that the real motive of the pilgrimage is revealed in the fourteenth chapter of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, where Tony Weller remarks to Sam: "Have a passage taken ready for 'Merrika . . . and then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikans as'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dickens's itinerary, beginning at Boston, included Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, New York, and "a place called New Haven". He then visited Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Harrisburg, and various western cities, among them Louisville, St. Louis, and Cairo, Illinois. Certainly, during this tour, Dickens needed a slave in his chariot to remind him that he was mortal. Levees were held in every city. As he sat at breakfast, a sculptor made a bust of him. Never before or afterwards did an English man of letters have such a reception as Dickens. "A triumph," Mr. Ticknor wrote, "has been prepared for him, in which the whole country will join. He will have a progress through the States unequalled since Lafayette's."

In the light of later acrimony, the letters which describe the mutual good-will of America and Dickens are pleasant. Dickens was moved by the universal kindness. In one of his first letters from America he writes:

> How can I tell you what has happened since that first day? How can I give you the faintest notion of my reception here; of the crowds that pour in and out the whole day; of the people that line the streets when I go out; of the cheering when I went to the theatre; of the copies of verses, letters of congratulation, welcomes of all kinds, balls, dinners, assemblies without end? . . . I have had deputations from the Far West, who have come from more than two thousand miles' distance: from the lakes, the rivers, the backwoods, the log houses, the cities, factories, villages, and towns. Authorities from nearly all the States have written to me. I have heard from the universities, Congress, Senate, and bodies, public and private, of every sort and kind.
>
> "It is no nonsense, and no common feeling," wrote Dr. Channing to me yesterday. "It is all heart. There never was, and never will be such a triumph."

This sweetness was to change to gall. A time was to come when Dickens would exclaim: "I *am* disappointed. This is not the republic I came to see. This is not the republic of my imagination." No guest is so welcome, supposedly, as he who comes to be pleased with his hosts. It was generally believed, and rightly, that "Boz" thought of America as a place where equality and freedom were strongly rooted; where oppression hardly existed. Little Nell would have lived happily in the United States, and Fagin would have been tarred and feathered. As one patriot put it, Dickens had now come to the land of his dreams. Dickens

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a sentimentalist, and the letters show that he did feel something like this. It is, then, unpleasant disillusionment to see how the tone of the letters changes. His serious attacks upon our institutions Dickens reserved for *American Notes*. But his letters to friends in England contain plenty of sneers at our blessed democracy.

These are the more frequent because Dickens went out of his way to get beneath the surface of American life. He was always escaping his bland guides and losing himself in some prison. The professors—"noble fellows", he christened them—who piloted him through literary America often found him more interested in murder cases. He studied the slums of New York, and in the South he talked to poor whites about slavery. Perhaps it was not strange that he came to the conclusion that America was all "swagger and bombast", and that the great democracy was nothing, after all, but "a puddle of mixed human mud".

But a real picture of America through this Victorian's eyes may be had from Dickens's letters dealing with our manners. We know from a thousand records what has been the development of our institutions since 1825. The history of our culture, our manners, our ways of life, is subtler, more elusive. The remark of the British colonel during the war to an American officer is suggestive: "We thought the Australians crude till we met you." It throws a certain perspective over the whole question of our culture; it ought to make us wonder about the origins of our crudeness; about the beginnings of Main Street. What Mrs. Trollope had noticed, Dickens also saw ten years later. In Dickens's letters the story of our culture becomes more vivid, and helps us to understand ourselves better to-day. They give us vignettes of American parties, table-manners, diction, and even of Harvard students.

These last, together with "the young men of Boston", gave "Boz" his first American party, a Brobdingnagian dinner of seventy covers, commencing with a brass band and a blessing at once solemn and appropriate, and ending with a blast of speech-making. On the dinner committee were James Russell Lowell, Samuel Parkman, Jr., Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard University. Here Dickens met

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the first time the professors who were such "good fellows", and here he formed a lasting friendship with Felton, "the heartiest of all Greek professors." Boston had "Boz" in his happiest mood. He was still illusioned about America; yet unstunned by the thousands of "bores" who were to become his chief recollection, socially, of America.

With the departure from Boston for Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, and "a place called New Haven", began the observations on American travel, American hotels, American expectoration, which were in the main excluded from *American Notes*, and which make the vital interest of the letters. After two hours and a half by boat from Springfield to Hartford—"queer traveling," Dickens avers—he undertook a bold venture—the train journey to New Haven. This was completed speedily in three hours, and Dickens was again in university life. But alas for Yale! Whereas the young men of Harvard University had yearned as one man to sit under the novelist as a teacher, these others, more carnal, craved no intellectual manna. Instead, they sang to him—yes, sang to him, under his window at bedtime. And unsuccessfully. The Yale students, declared the *Atlantic Monthly*, in the dear, familiar phrase, "were there in force". Dickens's amazement at this custom was not wholly pleasurable. "And when," he says sadly, "at last we got to bed and were 'going' to fall asleep, choristers of the college turned out in a body, under the window, and serenaded us! We had had, by-the-by, another serenade at Hartford, from a Mr. Adams (a nephew of John Quincy Adams) and a German friend. *They*," says this cutting novelist, "were most beautiful singers."

From now on the privacy of Dickens vanished. His despair is comic. He says:

> I can do nothing that I want to do, go nowhere where I want to go, and see nothing that I want to see. If I turn into the street, I am followed by a multitude. If I stay at home, the house becomes, with callers, like a fair. If I visit a public institution, with only one friend, the directors come down incontinently, waylay me in the yard, and address me in a long speech. I go to a party in the evening, and am so inclosed and hemmed about by people, stand where I will, that I am exhausted for want of air. I dine out, and have to talk about everything, to everybody. I go to church for quiet, and there is a violent rush to the neighborhood of the pew I sit in, and the clergyman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preaches *at* me. I take my seat in a railroad car, and the conductor won't let me alone. I get out at a station and can't drink a glass of water without having a hundred people looking down my throat when I open my mouth to swallow. . . . I cannot go down Broadway for my own portrait.

Such vulgarities became accumulative. Things got worse. He saw Main Street in the making. He was stifled by American newspapers, American vanity, and the American language. He adds:

The public prints report that I am a very charming fellow (of course), and have a very free and easy way with me; "which," say they, "at first amused a few fashionables"; but soon pleased them exceedingly. Another paper, coming after the ball, dwells upon its splendor and brilliancy, hugs itself and its readers upon all that Dickens saw, and winds up by gravely expressing its conviction that Dickens was never in such society in England as he has seen in New York, and that its high and striking tone cannot fail to make an indelible impression upon his mind. For the same reason I am always represented, whenever I appear in public, as being "very pale"; "apparently thunderstruck"; and utterly confounded by all that I see. . . . You recognize the queer vanity which is at the root of all this?

Dickens ridicules in the letter no peccadillo of the Americans more than the language. Like Mrs. Trollope, the words "fix", "fixing", and "fixin'" have a secret fascination for him. And sometimes he likes to lapse into the vernacular of the States. In describing the struggle of a steamship in a heavy sea, he suddenly says:

Add to all this . . . that she has no boats . . . and you may have a pretty con-sid-erable damned good sort of a feeble notion that it don't fit nohow; and that it a'n't calculated to make you smart, overmuch; and that you don't feel 'special bright; and by no means first-rate; and not at all tonguey (or disposed for conversation); and that however rowdy you may be by natur, it does use you up com-plete, and that's a fact; and makes you quake considerable, and disposed toe damn the ĕngīne!—All of which phrases, I beg to add, are pure Americanisms of the first water.

As Dickens met choice individuals of the new country, his dismay at foibles of manners and language deepened into consternation. The man who had steeped himself in the slums of London threw up his hands before the city of Cincinnati, the city, it will be recalled, which Mrs. Trollope had celebrated. But unlike Mrs. Trollope, Dickens found no compensation in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

natural scenery of the West. The widely-famed Far West, he writes, "is not to be compared with even the tamest portions of Scotland or Wales."

The brave battle of American civilization in the West was lost on Charles Dickens. What he noticed in this work was the number of "bores" who were carrying it on, and he says nothing of the Mississippi compared to his denunciations of that national art which so tormented Mrs. Trollope.

I spare the reader another picture of hog-ridden Cincinnati, the Queen City of Ohio. Here the "bores", of another kind, were very thick indeed. In fact it was here that Dickens met "*the* most horrible bore in this country". "And," he adds, "I am quite serious when I say that I do not believe there are, on the whole earth besides, so many intensified bores as in these United States. No man can form an adequate idea of the real meaning of the word, without coming here." In Cincinnati the bores had not only quality; they were in quantity, hordes of them. At a dinner party Dickens met, so he writes, "one hundred and fifty first-rate bores, separately and singly." Even the youth of America afflicted him. On the roof of the coach from Harrisburg lay a small boy. "Sir," Dickens writes Forster, "when we stopped to water the horses, . . . this thing slowly upreared itself to the height of three-feet-eight, and, fixing its eyes on me with a mingled expression of complacency, patronage, national independence, and sympathy for all outer barbarians and foreigners, said, in shrill piping accents, 'Well, now, stranger, I guess you find this a'most like an English a'ternoon,—hey?' It is unnecessary to add that I thirsted for his blood."

Sometimes the bores had never heard of "Boz". In Baltimore the usual crowd gathered, but a market woman could not understand the cause of the excitement:

> Calling to a friend who was standing by, she loudly asked, "Say, John, what is it?" "Why," answered the man, looking over his shoulder, "they've got Boz here!" "Got Boz?" said she; "What's 'Boz'? What do you mean?" "Why," said the man, "it's Dickens. They've got him here!" "Well, what has he been doing?" said she. "He ain't been doing nothin'," answered the man; "he writes books." "Oh," said the woman indignantly, "Is that all? What they should make such a row about for, I should like to know?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The second visit of Dickens to America—from November 19, 1867 to April 19, 1868—is more flattering to our sense of breeding and social position. Dickens liked us better. Boston is no longer "a black swamp". Some of our cities are as fine as Leeds and Birmingham. Why, there are handsome women in Baltimore! But we are still "press-ridden". The newspapers are as hard on the great Victorian novelist as they were on thirty-year-old "Boz". If, twenty years before, they had cooed over the young man's glossy, black curls, now they wrote broadsides on the lecturer's waistcoat, brilliant scarf, and heavy gold watch-chain. "Sometimes," writes Dickens, "I am described as being 'evidently nervous'; sometimes it is rather taken ill that 'Mr. Dickens is so extraordinarily composed.' My eyes are blue, red, gray, white, green, brown, black, hazel, violet, and rainbow-colored. I am like 'a well-to-do American gentleman', and the Emperor of the French, with an occasional touch of the Emperor of China, and a deterioration from the attributes of our famous townsman, Rufus W. B. D. Dodge Grumsher Pickville."

For Dickens is now a dramatic reader. He does the murder in *Oliver Twist* with indirect lighting, and reads of Tiny Tim till a young lady faints with the pathos of it all, and is carried out of the hall. And meanwhile the ideal of the English man of letters bids fair to be realized. Dickens sends shiploads of money to his English bankers. On the day before he leaves he sends word that he is making a clear profit of £1,300 each week, and is receiving, at the lowest, £430 each night. Who, under such solace, could be implacably angry with America? Certainly not an English man of letters. Moreover, there are old friends to meet, and Dolby, with his walking contest to Boston, is an excellent manager, and amusing. He gets through New Haven, Connecticut, Dickens notes with approval, without a row with the mayor. Utica is a frightful one-night stand, and Syracuse looks as if it had been "knocked together", but this time, although he reads to forty thousand New Yorkers, he keeps somehow his privacy. In the quiet of his room he has his first cocktail, a "Rocky Mountain sneezer", made of brandy, rum, and snow. American crudenesses on this second journey seem less horrible, and funnier. In St. Louis an old man submits a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paraphrase of the entire book of Job. He wants to read it aloud to Mr. Dickens and get his opinion of it. A letter comes from the South asking for an original epitaph for the tomb of an infant. Another Southern lady solicits an autograph copy of the lines by Mrs. Leo Hunter to an "expiring frog". But in these State competitions New Jersey bears the bell. A lady offers to submit a record of all the funny things which have happened in her family during the past one hundred years. Out of this material Dickens is to create a novel, and share the profits with the aforesaid lady. What could be more delightful? On the railroads the engineers artistically "bang" the cars together, breaking every suitcase possessed by the Dickens party; in New York there are disturbing fires every night and the independent American ushers strike, and spoil a lecture or two. But still—well, there are those checks. And one wonders whether "Boz" is not a little older and a little kinder than during the first visit.

At any rate he went home "brilliantly paid", as he phrased it, in spite of the competing interest of a presidential impeachment and some hostility because of *American Notes*. The newspapers still saluted him as "Charlie", and Main Street was not the Strand; but after all, there was improvement, and we were done with the hated institution of slavery. Dickens had—he himself would have admitted it—hopes for us.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

ALTHOUGH declination was a foregone conclusion, it was worth while to have the United States invited to participate in the *réchauffage* of Genoa at The Hague, for the sake of the replies which were given. Mr. Hughes in his letter to Mr. Child again disclosed the workings of a mind approximating Huxley's ideal of "a clear, cold logic-engine" in his impregnable and convincing exposition of the reasons why it was impossible for Republican America to have fellowship with Soviet Russia; reasons affected neither by the jingling of the hoped-for guinea nor by the glib camouflage of Moscow. Gladstone said that King Bomba had "erected the negation of God into a system of government". With equal truth it may be said that the Bolshevist oligarchs have formed a system of government out of aggressive negation of civilization and of humanity itself. Such a Government America cannot recognize; with it she can have no dealings. It may be too much to hope that the infatuated despots at Moscow will realize that fact; but surely the civilized Powers of Western Europe must now do so. In bringing them to that state of mind the Secretary of State has performed for them a service of the highest order; from which France seems inclined to profit by aligning herself with America. As for the suggestion which some have made, that America might well go to The Hague because the Conference there is to be purely economic, and not political as was that at Genoa, it is quite empty and futile. It was announced in advance that the Genoa Conference was to be exclusively economic, just as positively as the same announcement is now made about its adjourned session at The Hague. If that rule could not be enforced at the one place, there is no assurance that it can be or will be at the other.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An admirable complement to Mr. Hughes's presentation of the political aspects of the case was provided by Mr. Hoover in his discussion of its economic aspects. His address before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States was solicitous and sympathetic, with a sincerity which nobody in Europe or America will question, and it was also inspiringly optimistic. He expressed a fine faith in the integrity and stability of civilization despite the delay of some nations in the work of rehabilitation after the war, and he gave adequate reason for that faith by pointing out the incontrovertible fact that all the lately combatant States on the Continent save only Russia have in the more than three years since the Armistice made very definite progress toward normal restoration. The mere fact that they can say, with Sieyés after the Reign of Terror, "We have lived!" is proof of the virility of their institutions. Mr. Hoover's mention of the fact that Russia alone has made no such progress is by implication a damning indictment of Sovietism, and a confirmation of Mr. Hughes's wisdom in declining to enter a Conference in which Soviet Russia participates; the economic incompatibility between that country and America being no less marked than the political and ethical. Finally, in his "five points" of rehabilitatory policy for Europe, the Secretary of Commerce displayed a constructive genius and rendered a constructive service at least commensurate with his criticisms.

The transfer of the Conference from Genoa to The Hague inevitably arouses suggestive and instructive memories of former international gatherings at that capital. The two great Peace Congresses, whose work is not to-day as dead as many seem to imagine, were due to the initiative of Russia, but it was not Soviet Russia. The chief obstructive force, which defeated some beneficent proposals and seriously impaired others, was Germany; and while it was not the Social-Democratic Germany of to-day, it was one little removed from it in spirit and purpose.

The decision of a United States court that the California alien land law does not conflict with the Constitution or with any treaty made thereunder is of great interest to other States than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the one for which it is directly made. The law forbids the owning of real estate by aliens who are not eligible to citizenship in the United States. It is, of course, aimed at the Japanese, and may prove effective for debarring them from realty holdings. There has never, we believe, been any question of the competence of a State to forbid land ownership to unnaturalized aliens. Various States have done this, and the United States Government has done so, too, in the Federal territories. The new California law discriminates against those aliens who are debarred from becoming citizens, and this, the court decides, is quite permissible. Of course it throws the onus of the whole controversy upon the Federal Government, which refuses naturalization to Asiatics — or at least to Chinese and Japanese. The grievance which the Japanese believe they suffer is, therefore, not that California will not let them acquire land, but that the United States will not let them become citizens. If the United States would admit them to citizenship, not California nor any other State could debar them from land-holding. We may soon have before us the interesting spectacle of aliens who are unnaturalized and who prefer to remain unnaturalized becoming the owners of real estate, while that privilege is denied to others who earnestly wish to become citizens but are not permitted by the Government to do so.

Mr. Elihu Root's condemnation of slanderers of nations should be taken to heart by all who have any regard for friendly international intercourse, and for the honor of their country. "More quarrels," he truly said, "have come from insults than injuries;" and that is doubtless true. Burke declared that he did not know the method of framing an indictment of a whole people; but there are unfortunately many who know and practice the method of slandering and insulting whole nations. Our journalism and oratory—even Congressional oratory—have for years been sullied with persistent propaganda against certain foreign nations, chiefly marked with gross untruth and with insult. It seems easy to "slang-whang" against other lands and their peoples, and is too often a means of acquiring or increasing political popularity. Obviously, it would be difficult to suppress or to punish all such brutalities, but it ought to be possible to discourage it and to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make it odious. *Punch* once portrayed two London navvies as discussing whether a stranger walking near them on the street was a "furriner", and finally deciding to "'eave a 'arf brick at 'im", on general principles. That is not a graceful nor an ethical nor yet a profitable attitude for one nation to assume toward another.

The Secretary of War declares that he is not, and that the President is not, in favor of granting immediate independence to the Philippines. That means that they are opposed to granting the demand of the Filipino mission to this country, which is for immediate and absolute independence. This decision of the Government is based, of course, upon the report of General Wood, which shows public affairs in the islands, and particularly economic and financial affairs, to be in a wretched muddle, almost if not fully threatening collapse. It will be time enough to discuss independence when the insular Government is restored to integrity and efficiency. Whenever it is discussed, moreover, it should and doubtless will be borne in mind that the cutting off of the islands from our national domain would be a performance at once unique, gratuitous, and potentially embarrassing. Since our acquisition of the Louisiana Territory we have made several additions to our domain, but never have we in any way alienated so much as a single acre of land. Where the flag has once been raised in token of sovereignty, it has never been hauled down. It would be a gratuitous act, because we placed ourselves under no obligation whatever to perform it—but on the contrary proclaimed to the world our purpose not to do it, but to hold the Philippines in perpetuity. It will not do to cite the case of Cuba as analogous. The two cases are not only unlike but are aggressively different from and opposed to each other. In the making of the Peace Treaty in 1898 Spain strove hard to get us to annex Cuba outright; but we refused. She strove even harder and longer to get us not to annex the Philippines; but we refused. So it was written in the treaty and proclaimed to the world that "Spain relinquishes all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba", and that "Spain cedes to the United States the Archipelago known as the Philippine Islands". Precisely as in the latter case it had long before been written and agreed that "The First

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Consul of the French Republic doth hereby cede to the United States the said territory" (of Louisiana), that "His Catholic Majesty cedes to the United States all the territories known by the name of East and West Florida", and that "His Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias agrees to cede to the United States all the territory and dominion now possessed by his said Majesty on the continent of America". That is to say, we acquired the Philippines just as absolutely, unconditionally and permanently as we did Louisiana, Florida or Alaska. The world so understood it, as did our own citizens, and acted upon that supposedly assured basis. If now or at any time we should reverse the policy of our entire career, there would arise an interesting question of our moral responsibility to all who might be injuriously affected by such arbitrary repudiation of a formal treaty which they had taken as the basis of their dealings and enterprises.

Sir James Barrie's rectorial address at St. Andrews University was worthily reprinted in full in this country, and commanded current attention from the public scarcely less than that given to the latest unsolved murder mystery or salacious divorce suit. We shall not be surprised if it outlives in grateful memory any other item of news of the same week, or month. For gentle but compelling humor, for graceful but forcible English, and for high, brave, noble principles of life and conduct, it deserves rank among our best modern classics. One passage, which commentators with one accord found it comfortable not to exploit, deserves to be drummed into the ears of those who were at Genoa and will be at The Hague; though Sir James probably had no particular purpose of injecting it into current politics and diplomacy. "Another sure way to fame," he said, "is to know what you mean. It is a solemn thought that almost no one—if he is truly eminent—knows what he means. Look at the great ones of the earth, the politicians. We do not discuss what they say, but what they meant when they said it. In 1922 we are all wondering, and so are they, what they meant in 1914 and afterwards. They are publishing books trying to find out, the men of action as well as the men of words." That is quite true, and it is a truth that should sting more than one or two eminent men as a whip of scorpions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American relations and interests are involved in the reëstablishment of the independent Kingdom of Egypt, because of the old system of extra-territorial jurisdiction. Before we became a participant that system had long been in effect. The Christian Powers of Europe refused to let their nationals be tried by the courts of Mohammedan or other non-Christian countries, and insisted that they should be subject only to the jurisdiction of their own consular courts. The United States first adopted that principle when Caleb Cushing, in President Tyler's time, negotiated a treaty with China. Of course it was also adopted in our treaty with Japan, but that Power soon began to chafe against it as putting upon Japan a brand of inferiority, and efforts were made to have it revoked. The United States was willing to abandon it, and negotiated a new treaty to that effect, to go into effect as soon as similar action should be taken by the Great Powers of Europe. As they did not take such action, the treaty was held in abeyance for some years. In the Chinese-Japanese war, however, Great Britain was moved to grant Japan's demand for treaty revision in that respect, and immediately our treaty was brought out of its pigeon hole and put into force. In Egypt the system of separate consular courts for each country was abandoned in favor of a general International Tribunal, with judges from the various interested nations. The United States took part in the creation of this court, and maintained an American member of it. But now the new Egyptian Government thinks that the International Tribunal should be abolished, and that all foreigners should be subject to the ordinary Egyptian courts. It cannot, of course be maintained that the change of status of the Egyptian Government cancels former obligations. The "capitulations" under which the tribunal was created are still valid. The new Government inherited them from the old. The real question is, whether the new Government is entitled to any more confidence and respect than its predecessor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

WARFARE IN THE HUMAN BODY. By Morley Roberts. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

There is no reason why a technical book should not be interesting—this has been said again and again. It would be truer to say that nowadays every book that is profoundly interesting must be in some degree technical. There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent a novelist from writing a deeply suggestive work on biology. In fact, imagination—a faculty in which novelists are supposed to excel—is credited with most great advances in science, though it is not at a premium in the work of the present-day scientific specialist. To drop loose generalizations and come to the point: Mr. Morley Roberts, a novelist, has written a biological discourse that seems to promise new discoveries.

Whatever turn expert opinion may take in regard to this work, the lay reader, one believes, will generally welcome it with something akin to enthusiasm. If there be such a thing as the instinctive recognition of originality, as apart from irresponsible difference, one seems to find that precious quality here. Mr. Roberts's explanations really appear to explain, and they have in certain instances that paradoxical clearness which often seems to advise us that we are in the presence of a truth the simplicity of which has hitherto eluded us.

It is a point in Mr. Roberts's general conception of his subject that scientific research tends to an undue narrowness; the biologist, the physiologist, and the pathologist not only work in strictly separate fields, but tend to be somewhat hostile in their attitudes. Real advance, the author holds, is likely to be made when men in different lines of investigation are able to compare notes and to work on common hypotheses—and this seems merely reasonable. One remembers in this connection how Metchnikoff, a biologist interested in the study of the lowest forms of life, originated the theory of intracellular digestion, and one thinks of the opposition he encountered from the pathologists.

Mr. Roberts, however, in justification of his method goes much further than insistence on the value of comparing notes. As interesting as anything else in his book is his defense of *analogy* as a means of investigation. Science, he appears to suggest, is in some danger of becoming enslaved by its own laborious inductive system. Is it possible that Bacon's method is tending to develop into a new scholasticism? However this may be, it is certain that Mr. Roberts's reasoning gives one an unusual sense of freedom. "Universal laws," he pregnantly remarks, "are indeed universal." The inference is that if certain evolutionary principles hold good in the social organism, the results

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attained in this latter field may actually throw light upon some obscure questions of biology. Why depend wholly upon the microscope when a *macroscopic* view is obtainable? If analogy is a weak reliance, its evidence can scarcely be more doubtful than that of the microscope in extreme cases.

All this is rather exciting; it really seems that new paths may be opened up by the use of the freer method of analysis which the author advocates. It must indeed be admitted that in some cases the analogies actually seem, if not far-fetched, at least to some extent dragged in; they do not invariably appear to be integral parts of the process of discovery—yet they are in every case suggestive.

However arrived at—and they could not have been reached except by a mind unattached either to a system or to a school—many of the conclusions are striking and seem likely to prove fertile. Especially remarkable is the whole chapter on "Repair in Evolution". At first blush, nothing would seem more improbable than that the conditions we call abnormal are the very causes of evolutionary progress, yet the proofs are very striking; and as one reads, one becomes more and more convinced that Mr. Roberts, with his singular independence of thought, is at least weaning us from a rather stupid prepossession. The *mere* "survival of the fittest" is an obviously insufficient explanation, and as one considers the matter one becomes increasingly aware of the nicety with which the function of repair fits into the whole scheme of things as *vera causa*. At last one is fully prepared to accept the strange statement that "physiology in the sense of perfected action is an ideal of living structure, and no sooner seen than lost, while a morbid or semi-morbid condition due to over-stress and the reactions of repair, is the true norm of evolution."

Underlying this idea and all else in the book is the conception of life as the result of a "hostile symbiosis". The component parts of an organism—the tissues of a living body, and men in society—do indeed peacefully coöperate, yet there is in all cases a suppressed mutual hostility. This hostility is not merely a destructive force (though it is potentially disruptive) but acts normally in its various forms as the necessary stimuli of the conjoint individual. This conception is used in a somewhat surprising manner to explain the phenomena of malignancy and those of immunity. Even nutrition, the author points out, is but a case of immunity.

On the whole, this book tends in a fascinating way to enlarge one's view of the universe. One is inclined to endorse the opinion of Professor B. J. Collingwood, who says that the work contains "some suggestions that are closely allied to genius".

THE NEW IDEALISM. By May Sinclair. New York: The MacMillan Company.

Unlike science, philosophy appears to be justified not by its immediate results, but rather by the fact that minds of a certain kind and degree of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

development must have their fling at it. From the earliest historic times men have philosophized, and if philosophizing could somehow be prohibited, the results would no doubt be as calamitous as if we should try to abolish poetry or religion. Possibly Mr. Morley Roberts would call philosophy a social catalyst or enzyme. In plainer language it seems to be a powerful stimulus tending to awaken and activate minds. Though the actual advantages derived from metaphysics cannot be very exactly pointed out, one would not be surprised to find that the total disuse of the metaphysical function would lead to a mental or moral overgrowth somewhere or to the lapse of some necessary activity. Be this as it may, Miss Sinclair's book is unquestionably stimulating. The author's extraordinary liveliness and her occasionally remarkable lucidity have enabled her to write a treatise which anyone not hopelessly repelled by the subject matter can read with enjoyment.

Substantially the major part of the work is a criticism of the New Realism. Now the New Realism is a formidable thing; it is wise with the wisdom derived from modern science and from all past failures in epistemology. Nevertheless, even this theory is, like all philosophy, a thing in the making. One should not, therefore, be unduly pained or surprised if one appears to discover in it incongruities of inconceivabilities fatal to its complete acceptance; nor need one exclude the probability that by proper emendations, or by methods analogous to the addition of epicycles, the theory may be made to survive the seemingly fatal criticisms. What one can expect from a discussion of this kind is mainly a better ordering of conceptions, a discipline promotive of the clearest thought—not final results. If not pursued too far such an exercise is rather exhilarating—and Miss Sinclair hardly carries it beyond the limit of human tolerance.

In the New Realism, however, are found certain ways of thinking of which even idealism must take account—notably the time-space or space-time idea as developed by Professor Alexander. But this apparently is something that idealism can accept since it is not inconsistent with the immanence of spirit. "If Space-Time," writes Miss Sinclair, "can evolve a universe, why drag in God? And, instead of dragging Him in at the end, since dragged in He must be, 'to satisfy the religious consciousness,' why not drag Him in at the beginning, assume that energy is essentially spiritual and that God is the spiritual being of Space-Time, and satisfy the metaphysical consciousness as well?"

The main points in Miss Sinclair's defense of idealism rest upon two distinctions. The first is the distinction between mind as an element in the universe and the individual mind. The realist objection that *being* and *knowing* cannot be the same is susceptible of proof only as regards the latter; it is good only against solipsism, which nobody takes a bit more seriously than the realist does. As regards the former element, it is mere assertion. There is nothing to show that in the ultimate consciousness being and knowing *may not* be the same.

The second distinction is that between primary and secondary consciousness,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and here lies Miss Sinclair's real, original contribution to the defense of idealism. Professor Alexander says: "I am aware of my awareness as I strike a stroke or wave a farewell. My awareness and my being aware of it are identical. I experience a tree as I strike a man or wave a flag." To which Miss Sinclair replies: "My experience of a tree is my awareness of the tree. Quite obviously, mere awareness *is* awareness, and it is not a tree. Awareness of awareness has no content but awareness; and in this logical sense the two are identical. They are, that is to say, identical in essence but not in existence, for the two awarenesses are numerically distinct."

It all sounds tremendously mediæval and scholastic: yet there is an interesting point here. In effect Miss Sinclair accuses her opponents of an error in introspection. What they say of consciousness is true of secondary consciousness, but not of primary consciousnes, and so *being* and *being known* may after all be the same.

To the layman it seems that the process of endeavoring to get at reality by an analysis of thought inevitably involves a final definition of *consciousness*, and that consciousness very probably cannot be defined. But so far as the book under consideration is concerned, one may well regard the game as drawn—idealism being at best a permissible way of thinking. In many cases, Miss Sinclair seems to have made out a case sufficiently strong to shift the burden of disproof from her own shoulders to those of her opponents. But even this appears to be a considerable gain. It would be rather awful, one cannot help thinking, if the mind could really be bound down to any of the theories of knowledge that have been advocated. Miss Sinclair's criticism resists a kind of scholastic tendency in the new philosophy and in this way strikes one as a liberating work. What is more, her defense of idealism has provoked the author to think certain thoughts about the nature of Deity and the mystery of evil, which, though not of course final, are hopeful and promotive of life. Surely a way of thinking which, not being demonstrably false or ultimately harmful, does enable one by its provisional acceptance to feel better adjusted to the universe, is a pure gain. Such pragmatic commendation Miss Sinclair's work appears richly to deserve.

A GLANCE TOWARD SHAKESPEARE. By John Jay Chapman. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

Mr. Chapman's little books seem generally to be more desirable than other people's big books. Indeed, one sometimes wishes that there were more writers nowadays who understood the art of saying much in little. Mr. Chapman is one of the few moderns who can write aphoristically and yet express something worth while. Not even Samuel Butler in his *Notebook* is more compactly suggestive than is this writer, or succeeds in producing stronger conviction—without argument.

So felicitous are Mr. Chapman's sayings that one is constantly tempted to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quote him. "The use of great men is to bind the world together"—this, the first sentence that greets one upon opening the volume is in itself worth an essay, so fraught with significance is it for anyone who has studied the effects of literature and who is at all familiar with modern speculative thought. And again is there not a satisfying and practically irrefutable philosophy of literature in this comment?—"One cannot define pleasure, or name the difference between imaginative literature and realism; but it is easy to tell them apart. Imaginative work leaves us happy. But Ibsen and Tolstoy, and the modern heavy hewers of fiction, by whatever name they may call themselves, cloy the mind. . . . The true artist gives us brain-spun realities which have no function but to be apprehended by the brain."

Besides his gift of cogent generalization, Mr. Chapman possesses a faculty, more common in the style of to-day, of vigorous and opportune plain speaking, of concrete vividness. Who has better characterized the Elizabethan drama in a few words—"a furious, riotous, tatterdemalion kind of drama"? Thus the author never allows attention to become wearied, and artfully keeps a stream of images flowing before the mind even when he is dealing with abstractions, or rather with subtle distinctions.

Unlike the majority of critics, he is not merely imaginative and susceptible, but also penetrating; that is he discovers and expresses things that one feels to be certainly a part of the experience of reading Shakespeare, but has never separately thought of. A case in point is his observation that "the best points in Shakespeare are sometimes not made by the actors at all, but fall *between* the cues"—a statement well illustrated by the moment in *Romeo and Juliet* when the Nurse advises Juliet to marry Paris. But the book is full of good things of a like nature—statements which one not only approves but applauds.

Perhaps the most general merit of Mr. Chapman's criticism is the vivid realization it imparts of the two qualities always present in Shakespeare—the literary and the dramatic—and the subtlety with which it distinguishes them.

The book, however, is somewhat more than an analysis. More than most other critics the author is successful in teaching one how to "take" Shakespeare—and this without imposing his personal tastes upon his readers. In so doing he seems to enlarge one's mind, or rather to help Skakespeare to do so. So clear and persuasive are his ideas that, unless they encounter some sort of prepared opposition, they are likely to slip at once into one's own thought system and immediately to begin functioning.

ARABIC THOUGHT AND ITS PLACE IN HISTORY. By De Lacy O'Leary, D. D., Lecturer in Aramaic and Syriac, Bristol University. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The general value of this treatise is not, of course, that it emphasizes any highly distinctive contribution of Arabic science or philosophy to the modern

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world, but rather that it adequately treats of the Arabic culture as a link in the development of European thought, and thus enables one to see as connected in time and space phases of life which, until properly studied, seem detached and remote.

Virtually the whole story is that of the transmission of Greek culture through various sources to the Arab world, and of its development, its offshoots, and its further transmission. The narrative, as that of "the most romantic history of culture drift which is known to us in detail", has a considerable fascination. There is no small satisfaction of curiosity, for example, in learning how Hellenism reached the Arabs through Nestorian Christians, through Monophysites, through the Zoroastrians of Persia, through the Pagans of Harran, and through the Jews. Each channel produced, of course, certain characteristic modifications, but the great lesson which one deduces from the whole study is the curious sameness of the essential order of ideas that prevailed everywhere throughout the period treated. The real line of demarkation seems to lie not between the Arabic and the Christian world, but between mediæval and modern times. What we have to deal with continually in this narrative is essentially some version of Aristotle's teaching more or less modified by Neo-Platonism.

In order to appreciate the significance of this general truth, one needs the help of the truly historic point of view which Dr. O'Leary continually brings to bear upon it. "It is futile to maintain," he makes clear, "that the history of Arabic philosophy shows a lack of originality in the Semitic mind." The fundamental truth which the whole book rather remarkably illustrates is that "until the methods and material of modern natural science came to be applied to psychological research, there was little, if any, advance on the psychological theories of the ancient Greek investigators, and the only point of difference in later schools was as to which particular aspect of ancient research would be selected as a starting place."

Again, mediæval philosophy occupied the place of science in the modern world, conditioning all thought as scientific principles do now. It was next to impossible for any man to escape from its influence. The author's interpretation of problems as they appeared to the mediæval mind, and his sense of the reality of these, are as admirable as the scholarly exactness with which he traces through various schools, periods, and civilizations the progress of the Hellenistic impulse.

Historic imagination gives vigor to Dr. O'Leary's discourse, and enables one to see the connection of Arabic thought with early Christian philosophy, with the work of the European Schoolmen, and with the pagan reaction in Northeastern Italy, as part of a vital and interesting process. The points of divergence between Arabic and Christian philosophy are as carefully treated as the ideas common to both, but the latter are perhaps more striking. The whole work thus has somewhat the same sort of interest as a comparative study of religions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRIME MINISTERS AND PRESIDENTS. By Charles Hitchcock Sherrill. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The main point of emphasis regarding Mr. Sherrill's well-informed and highly readable book should be, it appears, the fact that with adequate analysis of political conditions and problems, the treatise gives a very human and hence sanely favorable and reassuring view of the men in power in foreign countries and thus indirectly of the peoples whom these leaders more or less exactly typify. Although the political comment is not very systematic, and though some of the portrayals are brief and not very memorable, the book has exceptional value as employing intimate knowledge in the service of good sense. On the whole, it is extremely persuasive.

The best portraits are those of Lloyd George and of Briand, who are painted full length; but there are other sketches that seem to bring one face to face with real human beings. Particularly notable is the author's study of the German leaders, Wirth, Rathenau, Stinnes, and others, whom we seldom see represented or even alluded to except as figures representative of a recalcitrant Germany. "These men," writes the author, "personify Germany's new position since the war, and perhaps if we sit down with them for a while, we shall rise with the conclusion that this group incarnates a spirit of better national promise than could ever have been expected of the men around and influencing the Kaiser." It is even so. Possibly sufficient circulation has not been given to Walter Rathenau's remarkable statement that "we have no right to decide the destinies of the world, for we have not learned to guide our own destinies. We have no right to force our modes of thought and feeling upon other civilized nations."

Similarly in his chapters upon Holland, Scandinavia, the countries of the Little Entente, Austria and Hungary, Greece, and Japan, the author by introducing us to real men, by initiating us in some degree into their problems and points of view, gives us impressions that seem, as far as they go, unusually sound and wholesome.

It is notoriously difficult to convey to the people of one country a true conception of the inhabitants of another; formal and diplomatic history are hardly more effective than are controversial or propagandist literature. In this delicate business Mr. Sherrill, through his method of putting us in touch with representative men, seems much more successful than most writers on European topics. Real knowledge, a gift for pointed characterization, a sane judgment that balances a capacity for enthusiastic appreciation, all help him to produce an impression which, though not optimistic on principle, is as acceptable as it seems genuine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LET US SPEAK UP FOR FRANCE

SIR:

I must write to express my approval of the article in the May number of your periodical, *France in the Dock*, by Stéphane Lauzanne.

I have been wondering why some American has not spoken out in behalf of France, when we hear that "Germany cannot pay what has been demanded," and at the same time, "France is trying to get out of paying her debts."

France has larger debts than Germany, and has suffered the destruction of much of her means of securing wealth—at the hands of Germany. Let *us* speak up for France.

NANCY VIRGINIA AUSTEN.

New York.

THE MYSTERY OF HAMLET

SIR:

Of course an Editor is not responsible for the sentiments included in a contributed article, but the sentiments of Prof. Thompson in the article on *Hamlet* in the current number of THE REVIEW are so adverse to my own that I must here and now enter my protest against it. If the play of *Hamlet* had been written under the conditions and for the purposes named in this article, Prof. Thompson ought to know that the play would not have been allowed to be acted, nor could it have been registered for printing. He should further have known that if either of these had been accomplished a Star Chamber Proceeding would have been instituted immediately, and I think that a Star Chamber Proceeding should now be instituted against such unmitigated slanders as are contained in this article. It seems to me that it is time to throw aside the Baconian lunacy, and the anti-Stratford negations, and have the truth told by the Professors of English in our Universities in America. This article is much more objectionable than any Baconian doctrine that ever was advanced which refutes itself because of its absurdity, and University Professors are supposed to tell the truth, and not advocate through means of criticisms any plain palpable misconstruction.

I do not mean any of the above statements as the slightest reflection upon your part in the publication of the article by Prof. Thompson, but I do protest against the continued misrepresentation of the poet and all of his plays.

S. S. ASHBAUGH.

Washington, D. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SANE VIEWS OF IRELAND

SIR:

I have just read *The Irish Free State* by P. W. Wilson. It is gratifying to a Canadian to find in American literature such a sane, impartial review of the situation. It is a real treat to read an American publication of such moderation and saneness as your March number. I am afraid I have read all too little of it in the past.

JASPER HALPENNY, M. D.

Winnipeg, Canada.

ENGLISH IN NEBRASKA SCHOOLS

SIR:

In the May number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Mr. Willis Fletcher Johnson, commenting on *Affairs of the World*, speaks of "the decision of the Supreme Court of Nebraska, upholding the constitutionality of the law prohibiting the teaching of foreign languages in the public schools, at least below a certain grade". Mr. Johnson is in error. The constitutional right of the State to prescribe a course of study to be pursued in the public schools, and to exclude foreign languages therefrom, has never been questioned in the Supreme Court of Nebraska, and it is doubtful whether there is a lawyer in the State who would have the temerity to question it in that court.

The law which Mr. Johnson refers to prohibits the teaching of any subject in any language other than English, in any "private, denominational, parochial or public school", and the teaching of any language, other than English, in any such school, to any pupil below the ninth grade. It contains a proviso to the effect that it does not apply to schools held on Sunday or some day of the week observed by the patrons as the Sabbath, but that it shall apply to all schools held at any other time. (*Laws of Nebraska*, 1921, p. 244.)

The question involved in the case upon which Mr. Johnson comments was, whether it is within the police power of the State to prohibit denominational and parochial schools, which give a full course of instruction in the public school branches, including English, from giving religious instruction in a foreign language, or teaching a foreign language to pupils under the ninth grade, when such instruction is given at such times and under such circumstances as not to interfere with the regular course of study prescribed by law.

Again Mr. Johnson, after stating some considerations in favor of the law as he assumed it to be, says: "This consideration is reëmphasized by the notorious fact that most of the opposition to the Nebraska law comes from an alien element which has insolently proclaimed its purpose to remain permanently alien and to rear its offsprings as aliens; and which demands that American citizens shall provide and maintain schools for that delectable purpose."

We are not ready to accept that statement. We have a large proportion of the "alien element" in Nebraska. So far from having "proclaimed," in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solently or otherwise, its purpose to remain alien, it has been swift to adopt our manners and customs, to identify itself with our institutions and to educate its children in English.

I. L. ALBERT.

Columbus, Nebraska.

[The regrettable error first noted in Mr. Albert's letter was due to misleading news dispatches. That the majority of Nebraska citizens of alien origin have been prompt to accept American institutions and to educate their children in English, is most readily and gladly to be believed; but that at least an active minority sought to resist the latter course seems quite obvious from the fact that the law in question was disputed all the way up to the Supreme Court. That a certain faction of aliens there and in other States has loudly proclaimed a purpose to remain alien in speech and spirit is too well known to admit of controversy.—W. F. J.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED